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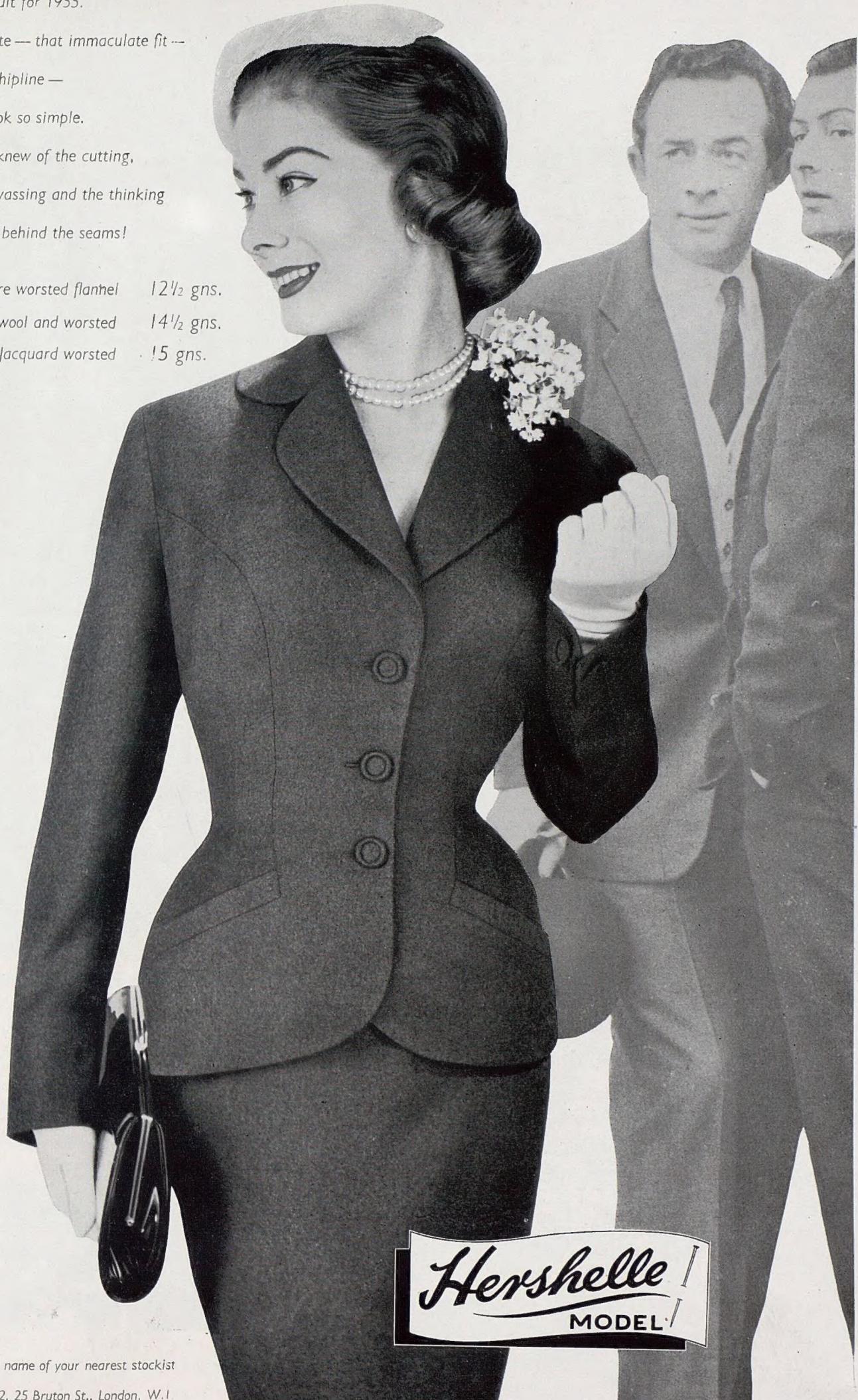
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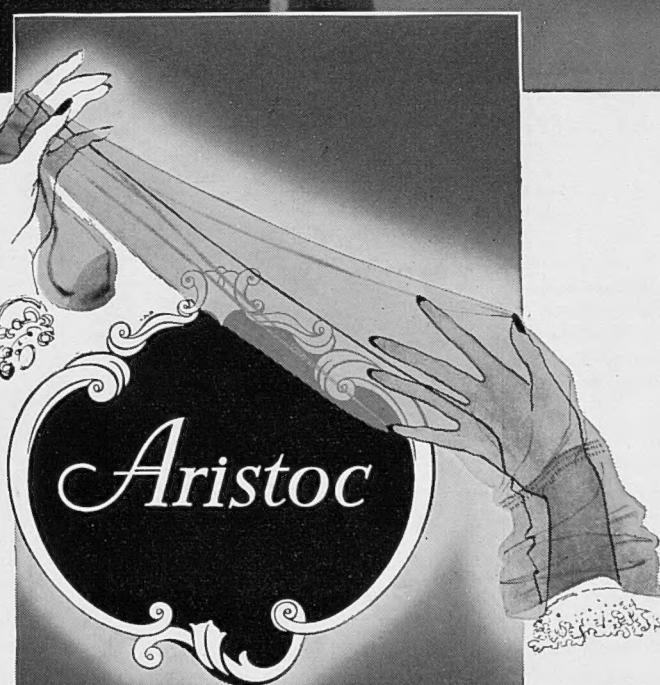
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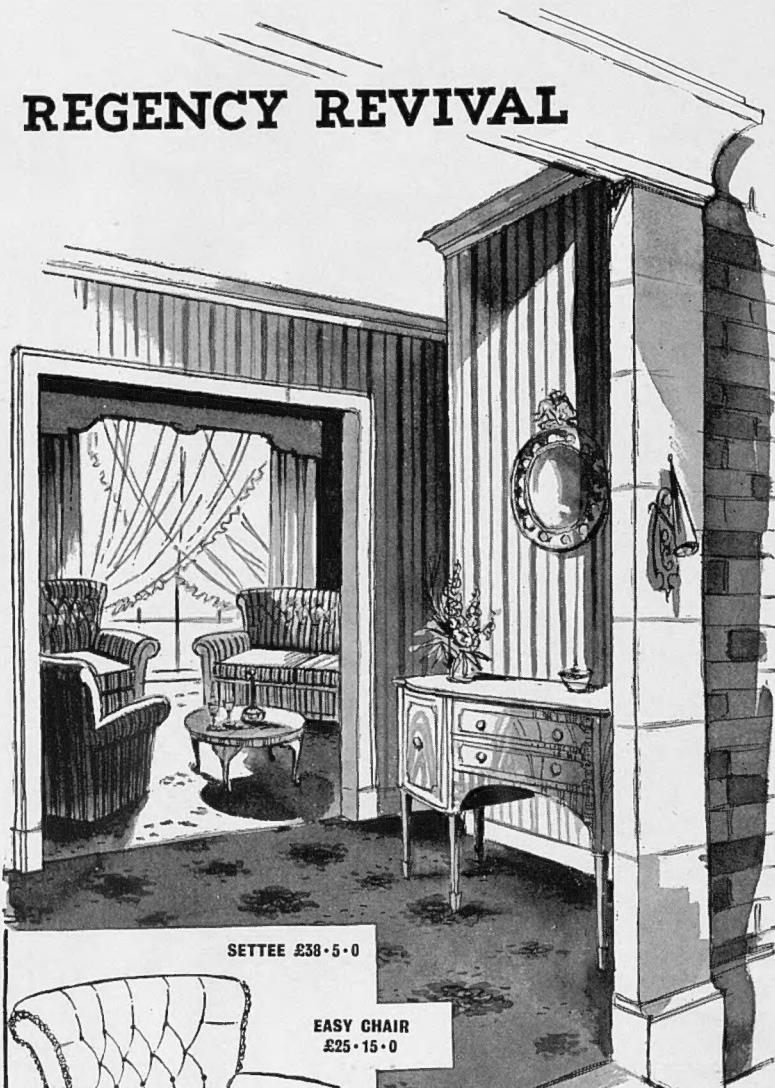


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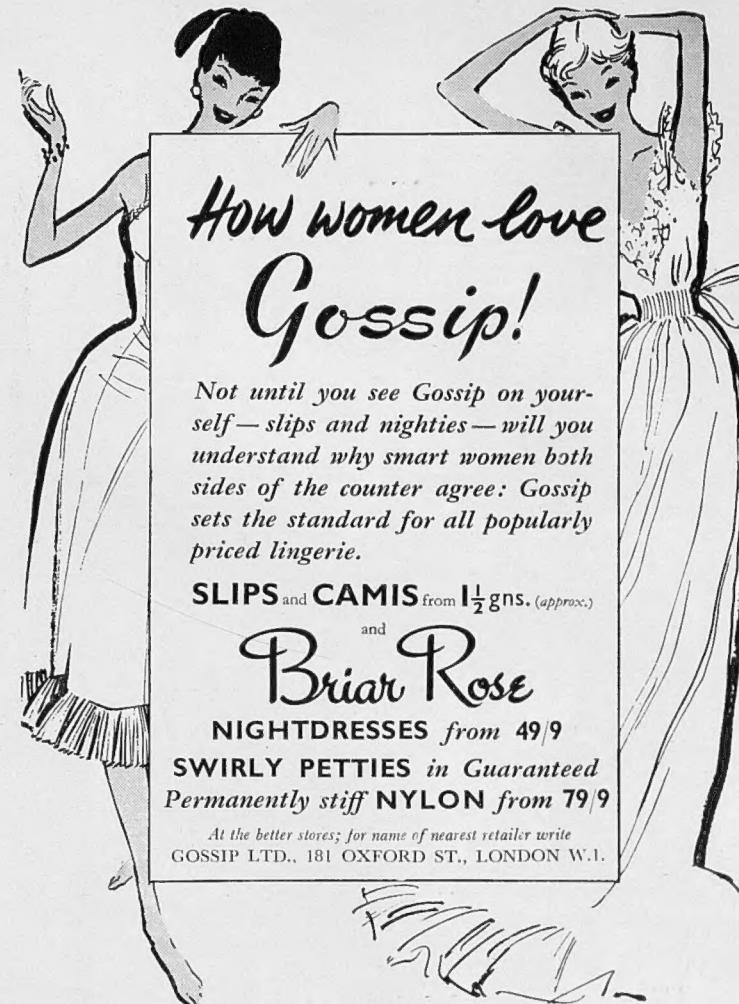
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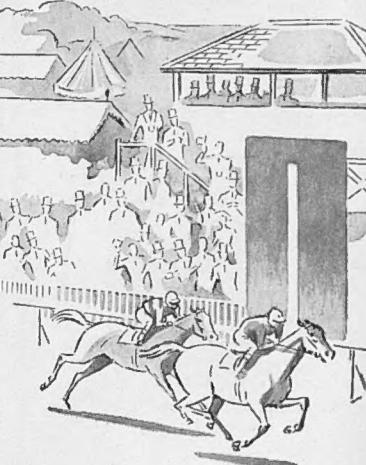
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The youngest Norton and her mother

LADY RATHCREEDAN, seen with her youngest child, the Hon. Elizabeth Norton, aged seven months, is the wife of the second baron, who is a barrister of the Inner Temple. She was formerly Miss Ann Pauline Bastian, daughter of the late Surgeon-Captain William Bastian, R.N., and married Lord Rathcreedan in 1946. They have two older children, the Hon. Christopher John and the Hon. Adam Gregory Norton. The Rathcreedans' home is at Fair Mile, Henley-on-Thames



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PRINCESS MARGARET SAW THE BALLET

A PROGRAMME of particularly gay and graceful works was performed at the Sadler's Wells ballet gala at Covent Garden in honour of the visit of H.R.H. Princess Margaret. She is seen being accompanied to the Royal Box by Viscount Waverley, who is chairman of the board of directors at the Royal Opera House

Social Journal

Jennifer

GALA NIGHT AT "THE GARDEN"

PRINCESS MARGARET, wearing a short, white mink wrap over her heavily embroidered satin dress, and a single row diamond necklace, went to the gala performance of the ballet at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. This was organized in aid of the Sadler's Wells Ballet Benevolent Fund and Sadler's Wells School, and must have made a big sum as all tickets for this performance were sold out in four days, and everyone I saw was giving liberally for their programmes.

With the Princess in her party, which sat in the Royal Box in the centre of the Grand Tier, were Patricia Viscountess Hambleden, Mr. Robin and Lady Rosemary Muir, Mr. Ian and Lady Caroline Gilmour, Miss Iris Peake, Mr

John Stuart and Mr. Billy Wallace, who was having a drink in the Crush Bar with Mr. Robin Muir in the first interval. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. "Rab" Butler, was in Sir Kenneth and Lady Clark's big party which occupied two boxes on one side of the theatre. Sir Kenneth is chairman of the Arts Council of Great Britain, and Lady Clark, who looked very chic in a nice black dress with a stole to match, is on the Committee of the Sadler's Wells Benevolent Fund.

ON the other side Viscount Waverley, chairman of the Royal Opera House, and Viscountess Waverley also had a big party in two boxes, including Mrs. Aldrich, the Marchioness of Cholmondeley, the Countess of Haddington, the Duke of Wellington, Lady Jebb who wore an Empire tiara—one of the

very few tiaras in the audience—Lord Hinchinbrooke, the Hon. John Fremantle, and Sir Gilbert Laithwaite, who since he returned from India has been made Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations.

ALL her friends were delighted to see Lady Waverley about again, as early in February she had a major operation in University College Hospital and has been laid up ever since.

Also in the boxes I saw Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Bennett and Sir Bronson and Lady Albery.

It was certainly a star-studded programme, and seldom have I enjoyed better ballet. The evening started with the new *Variations On A Theme Of Purcell*, the music by Benjamin Britten and choreography by Frederick Ashton,

[Continued overleaf]



Sir William Walton, the composer, and Lady Walton, Mr. E. Gilmore and Mrs. Gilmore, who is a former member of the Russian ballet in Moscow arriving for the performance

Continuing The Social Journal

The finest ballerina gave of her best

with Anya Linden and Alexander Grant in the leading rôles. It continued with the Rose Adagio and Aurora's Variation from Act 1 of *The Sleeping Beauty*, with Violetta Elvin as Aurora. After this Beryl Grey, ably supported by John Field, danced superbly in a *pas de deux* from *Le Lac Des Cygnes*.

The light and amusing *Façade* followed, then to end this enjoyable evening, we saw the best ballerina in the world today—Margot Fonteyn who gave an exquisite performance in the name part of *The Firebird*.

OTHERS in the audience enjoying this great evening of ballet were Lord Rockley, Sir Malcolm Bullock and Lady Ropner sitting next to the Hon. Eveleigh Leith, hon. secretary and treasurer of the Sadler's Wells Ballet Benevolent Fund. Sir Beverley and Lady Baxter were also there, the latter wearing a mink stole with an apricot faille dress. He, like the Chancellor of the Exchequer, had come straight on from the House of Commons where they had been voting on a division.

Lady Dashwood was there, also Lady Cohen, Lady Pamela Berry, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mackle, Dame Ninette de Valois, Director of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, who was chatting to Mr. Frederick Ashton in the Crush Bar in one interval, Sir Robert and Lady Meyer, Lady Charlotte Bonham-Carter and Sir William and Lady Walton.

★ ★ ★

THREE "young marrieds" with children around the same age, who all had their birthdays within a month, decided to join together and give a joint children's party. These were Lady Strathcarron for her son and heir the Hon. Ian Macpherson who was six on March 31, Lady Russell for her only child Clare who was also six, the day before Ian, and Mrs. Cyril Russell whose elder son Gerald was five a few days earlier.

The party took place at the Hyde Park Hotel where there were nearly two hundred young guests. Before tea the older children began dancing while the little ones enjoyed the numerous slides, mechanical horses and other amusing miniature sideshows that were there for them to play with. Tea was served in the

ballroom, with the youthful hosts and hostess at the top of long tables. I arrived at the moment when Gerald Russell was cutting his magnificent birthday cake, which was very original and took the form of a railway engine, iced in red. His younger brother Patrick had measles and had to miss the party but happily Gerald had got over his in time.

ALL three fathers were there. I saw Lord Strathcarron helping his wife to entertain their young friends, also Sir Charles Russell and Mr. Cyril Russell, whose mother, Mrs. Gerald Russell was at the party, as also was the Dowager Lady Strathcarron. Sir Charles's sister Mrs. Noel Pace was there with her seven-year-old son Andrew and I saw Lady Russell's brother Mr. John Prestige and his little daughter Sarah Louise and Mrs. Cyril Russell's sister Mrs. Keith Mathews with her daughter Julia.

Other small guests I noticed enjoying themselves were the Hon. Laura Baring who came with her mother Lady Northbrook, Julian and Rupert Allason, who came with their mother Mrs. James Allason, and the Hon. John Butler in a white shirt and long red trousers thoroughly enjoying riding one of the mechanical horses.



MISS STEPHANIE MINCHIN, one of this year's débantes, who made her curtsy to the Queen at a presentation party last month, is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. R. P. Minchin, of Claybrooke Grange, Rugby

IN THE AUDIENCE AT BALLET GALA

A BRILLIANT audience gathered for the ballet gala at Covent Garden, when Princess Margaret's presence marked once again the deep interest taken in the arts by the Royal Family



Lady McClean, who was escorted by Mr. Armine Metcalfe, in the Crush Bar during the first interval discussing the programme

He came with his mother Lady Dunboyne. Michael Wentworth-Stanley, who was enjoying the slide, will soon be a neighbour of John Butler's as his mother, Mrs. David Wentworth-Stanley, who was also at the party, told me that she and her husband have bought the house next door to Lord and Lady Dunboyne in Ormonde Square, and hope to move in during May.

After tea there was a splendid entertainer who did conjuring tricks, and a clever ventriloquist act.

QUESTS at this very gay party included several friends who had come up from Kent, among them the Hon. Mrs. "Jock" Skeffington from Chilham Castle with her daughter Oriel, and Mrs. Walter Wigham who brought her sons Ian and Robert. Mrs. Francis Wigham brought her little girl Jane, but her son Jeremy was ill and unable to come. The Duke and Duchess of Newcastle's two little daughters, Lady Patricia and Lady Kathleen Pelham-Clinton-Hope, in red velvet dresses, came up from their home in Wiltshire with their Nanny. Penelope Bruce, who looked sweet in a long dress which she had worn before when a bridesmaid, came with her mother Mrs. David Bruce, and Eden Philips with his granny Lady Holmes.

Mrs. Francis Mathews brought Fiona, Charles and Vernon, three of her large family of eight. Georgina Simpson was there with her mother Mrs. Leonard Simpson, Lord and Lady Bearsted's daughters Felicity and Carmilla were enjoying themselves, and I met Lady Barbara Bossom and her two enchanting little sons talking to Lady Rendlesham, whose little daughter the Hon. Sarah Thellusson was held fascinated by the conjurer.

Lady Russell's cousin Major James Radcliffe came along with his wife and their son Andrew, and was a tremendous help in organizing the games and keeping an eye on the sideshows. Others among the few older guests included Mr. Jerry Prestige and Mrs. Peter Treherne who are both Clare Russell's godparents. The latter brought her daughter Rosalind. Before the children left they all had ice creams and balloons which were in great demand.

Pictures of the party will be found on p. 21.

★ ★ ★

I WENT recently to a delightful small party at Claridge's which was attended by ex-King Peter of Yugoslavia and his wife, who were over from Paris on a short visit. It was



Miss Marianne Thompson-McCausland and Mr. John Beavor were making their way to their seats before the performance opened



Lady Pamela Berry, who is a daughter of the late Earl of Birkenhead, with Sir Malcolm Bullock who was created a baronet last year



Desmond O'Neill
Madame Guerrero, wife of the Philippines Ambassador, and Dr. Roberto Arias, the Panamanian Ambassador, whose wife is Margot Fonteyn

to celebrate the publication of King Peter's first book *A King's Heritage*, which has been published by Cassells. At the time of writing I have not had time to read the book, but a glance through it reveals much pleasure in store. On a table were some beautifully bound copies which the young King had had made especially for gifts to the Queen, the Queen Mother, the Prime Minister and Sir Anthony Eden. These were in leather, with the recipient's personal cipher or initials on each copy. The author, who was in very good form, had, he said, enjoyed writing this book, and would possibly be doing another in due course, but would not say what its subject would be.

★ ★ ★

AFAREWELL reception was given by the German Ambassador and Frau Schlangen-Schoeningen at the Embassy in Princes Gate, when the hostess, who wore an orchid pinned to her duck-egg blue dress, received the guests with her husband in the gold and cream first floor reception room. Instead of the usual cocktails, it was a pleasant change to have delicious Rhine wine offered one. Among the guests were many members of the Diplomatic Corps including Ambassadors or Ministers from the Netherlands, Denmark, Finland, Jordan, Guatemala and Burma.

Herr von Brentano, a leading politician in Dr. Adenauer's party, who was on a short visit to London, was there, and I also met Herr

Müller, head of the Sugar Council delegation over here. He told me this time it had been a rushed visit of only a couple of days, with long working hours and little time for such relaxation as this. As he spoke no English and I no German, our conversation was carried on through an interpreter! I also saw Viscount Duncannon at the party, as well as Mr. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck, who visits Germany frequently on business, Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. Bishop and Mr. and Mrs. Willy von Neurath, who have lived in London for many years.

★ ★ ★

YEAR after year the Grand National meeting at Liverpool draws fantastic crowds of enthusiasts from all over the world. Mrs. Mirabel Topham, the managing director of Aintree, is a great personality and rules the proceedings firmly, maintaining as much tradition as possible around this great steeplechase.

This year the presence of the Queen, the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret to see the Queen Mother's horse M'as-Tu-Vu run, was an added incentive for many to come to the meeting and it was unfortunate for the thousands present that it turned out such a teeming wet day. So bad were conditions after torrential rain all night, and so waterlogged was the course in parts, that a rumour went round that racing might have to be abandoned. Happily this did not happen, but the stewards

decided to cut out the water jump from the Grand National course. The comparatively small amount of grief and the number of horses still standing at the end, showed that the stewards were justified in running the race.

It was characteristic of the Home Secretary, Major the Hon. Gwilym Lloyd George, who is so very thorough and efficient in everything he undertakes (all will remember how well he did as Minister of Food), to go up to see the Grand National himself this year, following the discussions in the House after last year's race. He certainly could not have seen it run under worse conditions. Mrs. Lloyd George, looking very neat in brown, accompanied him. They had made a complex cross country journey from a previous official engagement to be there.

The race was won very convincingly by Mrs. W. H. E. Welman's Quare Times, ridden by Pat Taafe and trained in Ireland by Mr. Vincent O'Brien, with Mrs. E. Truelove's Tudor Line ridden by G. Slack and trained by Mr. Bobby Renton filling second place as last year, and Mr. D. J. Coughlan's Carey's Cottage ridden by Tom Taafe and trained in Ireland by his father, T. J. Taafe, third. The result was a great triumph for Mr. Vincent O'Brien, as he has now trained the winner of this great race for three consecutive years, each time a different horse.

[Continued overleaf]



U.S. artist gave a cocktail party to open his London exhibition

A/C/M Sir Francis and Lady Fogarty and Mrs. D. Beaman attended Mr. Francis Montena's exhibition at the Omell Galleries

Mr. Nicholas Phipps, Mrs. Desmond Molins, Mr. Walter Nightingall, the trainer, and Mrs. Walter Nightingall were others there



Van Hallan

Mrs. Neville Duke with the artist and S/Ldr. Neville Duke, whose portrait they were discussing at this New Bond Street party

Continuing The Social Journal

Royal Grand National in the rain

Mr. and Mrs. Welman were over from Ireland and thrilled at Quare Times's success. When I saw them in the Adelphi Hotel that morning, Mrs. Welman who was wearing warm tweeds and a small hat, was hopeful but not confident and said "it seemed too awful to have to ask a horse to race in this terrible weather." Obviously it had no terrors for Quare Times.

THE Royal party lunched with the Earl and Countess of Derby and watched the race from their box, where the guests included the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, Lord and Lady Irwin, the Queen Mother's trainer Mr. Peter Cazalet and his wife, and Lord Derby's brother the Hon. Richard Stanley. Her Majesty and the Queen Mother, with mackintoshes over their coats and umbrellas up, went to the paddock accompanied by the Earl of Derby and the Earl of Sefton to see the Queen Mother's M'as-Tu-Vu and the other horses before the race, and returned to the box in time to see them parade on the course, always a wonderful sight.

The Earl and Countess of Sefton, who also had a runner in the National, had a big party in their box, including the Home Secretary and Mrs. Lloyd George, the Earl of Dunraven, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Thursby, Lord and Lady Grimthorpe, Mr. Ruby Holland-Martin, Lord Stavordale and Cdr. Colin Buist, who had only returned from South Africa a few days previously and had flown up for the day very comfortably with Olley Air Services. Mr. Lionel and Lady Helen Berry who had their two daughters with them, Col. and Mrs. Alistair Campbell who were down from Aberdeenshire where they have been having grand sport fishing on their stretch of the Don and had their younger daughter Lady Stafford and Lord Stafford with them, and Sir Eric and Lady Ohlson just back from Cannes, were others giving hospitality to their friends.

AMONG the very large number of people in the County Stand I saw the Earl and Countess of Scarbrough, Sir Rhys Llewellyn, Sir Thomas and Lady Ainsworth over from Ireland to see his No Response run in the National, Mrs. A. T. Hodgson who had Munster King II running in the race, the Hon. Thomas and Mrs. Hazlerigg talking to Mr. Christopher Soames, the Hon. Anthony and Mrs. Samuel just back from a trip to Rhodesia, the Hon. Mrs. Parsons with Mrs. Brotherton who won the National with Freebooter, Mr. John Pares-Wilson just off to Malta for a brief visit, the Hon. Charles and the Hon. Mrs. Stourton, Mr. and Mrs. Brian Rootes, the Hon. Robin and Mrs. Cayzer, the Earl and Countess of Normanton and Lord and Lady Kenyon.

ON the previous day, when conditions were perfect, there were seventeen starters out of the forty-three entries for the £1,000, Mildmay Steeplechase, which was won by W/Cdr. R. E. Stevenson's nice 'chaser Wise Child, with Mr. D. F. Oates 33-1 outsider Devon Tim second, both trained by Mr. C. Bewicke at Alnwick. Major Stanley Cayzer's Rendez-vous III, who does not like



Mrs. Ellsworth-Jones and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Ellsworth-Jones, were going through the ball programme together

COMMITTEE DISCUSSED THE ANGLO-U.S. BALL

THE first meeting of the British-American Ball committee, of which Princess Alexandra is patron, took place at the home of the Countess of Midleton in Hyde Park Gardens. It is to be held at the Dorchester on May 16



The Countess of Midleton, who kindly lent her house for the occasion, Mrs. Leslie Gardiner and Mrs. J. Mainwaring



Mr. Raymond Grumbar, a committee member, was talking to Mrs. Alan Selborne, chairman of the ball committee



Mrs. Bernard Engle and Mrs. Edgar Ivens, regular travellers across the Atlantic, who also attended the meeting

going as heavy as it was on that day, ran a very good race to finish third and his very sporting owner told me that this good-looking horse has now qualified to be entered for the 1956 Grand National.

The next event saw a victory for a very young Irish owner, fifteen-year-old Miss Helen Bryce-Smith who proudly led in her five-year-old Boltown Comet after he had won the Coronation Hurdle. Boltown Comet was given to Helen, whose father trains him in Ireland and has done wonders with him, because when he came to them, I was told, he was found very difficult to train. He had won a race in Ireland under top weight only a few days before the Liverpool meeting. There was great cheering when Lord Derby's Entente Cordiale won the last race that afternoon, his only runner at the meeting.

★ ★ ★

I WENT to a delightful cocktail party which the Hon. David and Lady Anne Rhys gave for their débutante daughter Miss Elizabeth Rhys at the Hyde Park Hotel. Elizabeth, who is a pretty girl and was in a charming dark blue taffeta dress with a white lace collar, still has her ankle in plaster as the result of a ski-ing accident, but she stood with her parents to receive their guests.

This party was not confined to débutantes only, for several older friends were present, and a few girls who came out last year and a year or two ago. Lord and Lady Hamilton of Dalziel brought their tall, attractive daughter the Hon. Janet Hamilton, who came out last year, and Elizabeth's uncle the Hon. Charles Rhys and Mrs. Rhys were present—their son Richard Rhys will be home from the Middle East in May in time to enjoy some of the season's dances. I met Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, and Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley who told me that their good looking son John was just going to join his regiment in Germany. Two other friends from Hampshire I met were Mr. and Mrs. Archie Black who were out at Palm Beach in February and even there found the weather bad!

Lord Glentoran, who was over from Northern Ireland for a couple of days, managed to fit in the party and brought his débutante daughter the Hon. Anne Dixon, a gay and happy girl. Other fathers who brought their daughters were Mr. Cosmo Crawley and Cdr. Edward Edmonstone, whose daughter Antonia looked pretty in a jade green taffeta dress.

THE Marquess and Marchioness of Nor- manby, the latter in a dark suit with velvet collar, were there, also Lady Adair with her débutante daughter, and the Earl and Countess of Dundee who brought her débutante daughter Miss Hermione Faulkner. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Illingworth brought their débutante daughter Mary and were talking to Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon who has so sensibly postponed the dance she was giving for her daughter Jennifer from June 25, when there were two other dances, to October 1.

Miss Sheran Cazalet was talking to Mr. Billy Wallace and the Hon. Peter Ward who came together, and other young people enjoying this party were Miss Camilla Roberts, the Hon. Matthew Beaumont, Miss Anna Massey, Mr. Anthony Grant, Mr. Euan McCorkindale, Miss Anne Doughty-Tichborne, Miss Jane Sheffield, Mr. Macdonald-Buchanan and Miss Nichola Cayzer who came with her mother Lady Cayzer. Nichola was going up to Cheshire next morning to stay with the Hon. Anthony and the Hon. Mrs. Cayzer to see the Grand National.

Pictures of the party will be found on pages 28-9.



Michael Cox

DESCENDANT OF A GREAT STATESMAN

LADY NELL HARRIS is the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Malmesbury and one of this year's débutantes. She is to share a dance with Miss Lucy Egerton at the home of her uncle Lord Dorchester, Greywell Hill, near Basingstoke. Her father is the sixth Earl and succeeded in 1950. The family are descended from Sir James Harris, the eminent eighteenth-century statesman and British Ambassador to many capitals, who was created Baron Malmesbury in 1788 and Earl in 1800.



Above: A Jaguar driven by Tony Rolt comes in for a change of drivers in the Le Mans twenty-four hour race in which this car has performed so well



J. M. Fangio hugging a bend in his Mercedes in the brilliant Reims performance of this make last year



Also clipping off split-seconds, this time in the Swiss Grand Prix at Berne last year, was F. Gonzalez, whose Ferrari was second

MOTOR RACING'S CRUCIAL YEAR

FROM the time of our old friend F Nostradamus right down to the dark ladies of alleged Egyptian origin, whose predictions from crystal globes fascinate the true believers, foretelling the future has been a very tricky business, save to the masters of ambiguity.

All the same it is great fun, and never more so than with that very intricate business, car racing. The reason is that, design you never so carefully, there is the driver who is unpredictable, the mechanism that cannot be regimented and, crowning all, your attempt to get just that little more from already highly stressed material.

The season actually starts with the Goodwood meeting on Easter Monday. As purely friendly get-togethers these meetings cannot be beaten, for half the competition world meets the other half in pleasant surroundings to see an afternoon of handicap racing for all types of cars, little, short, fierce races which keep excitement on the boil all the time. And some of the cars running will make their names during the coming season, for this is, as it were, a try-out.

HOWEVER, of one thing there is no doubt. In Grand Prix racing, fastest and most glamorous of all, Mercedes are once more right on top and this season's great problem is how to beat them. This is not surprising when you remember Mercedes were racing successfully before most of their other rivals were born, that they possess the real advantage of a factory which knows what it is doing and a design team under Uhlenhaut second to none, and quite a reasonable supply of money.

They are controlled rigidly by that large and efficient, if excitable, character Neubauer, while the champion of champions, Fangio, and our own Stirling Moss are driving the new, lighter, faster, more controllable cars. These cars are original, not variations on other people's designs, and will be extremely hard to beat anywhere.

Mind you there may be occasional teething trouble, all racing being experimental, and Enzo Ferrari is going to give them a run for their money in a large way, not being a man who lets grass grow under his feet though his establishment is smaller and his finance less stable. Then Lancia, named after one of the most famous drivers, are fantastically fast though the more difficult problem of how to stay fast yet be reliable escaped them last season. Another *marque*, Maserati, have done wonders with limited resources and keep intruding with great effect.

Those four teams alone will guarantee enough excitement to make a spectacle to thrill.

S. C. H. DAVIES, writer of this article, is one of the original "Bentley Boys" and won the Le Mans Grand Prix in 1927 with Dr. J. D. Benjafield. He has won the B.R.D.C. gold star twice, and is a member of the R.A.C. Competitions Committee

Outside Germany and Italy no manufacturer will admit that Grand Prix racing pays dividends. We in England have one hope—that most interesting car the Vanwall, sponsored privately by G. A. Vandervell. With at least two cars in the fray he has a chance, while somewhere in the background they are busy with another, better B.R.M.

Connaught, a little hampered because they have not quite the engine needed to be up in front in Grand Prix racing, should be watched, for they have taken immense pains and carried out long tests so as to be at the top of their form when the big races start.

France relies on Gordini doing his best with limited resources with Colombo's new version of the Bugatti—possibly rear-engined—in the background. So unless Mercédès prove unbeatable, as well they may, the big races will run true to form.

BRITISH manufacturers pin their faith to sports car racing in which competition is terrific and results wildly uncertain until the chequered flag flies. Jaguar, most successful so far, will be faster than ever, and Aston-Martin, with Lagonda to back them, all the better for past reverses. Those amusing, high-finned Bristols should be really fast now, while Austin-Healey have a highly exciting new model. All these are near relations to the Grand Prix car, with at least 160 up their sleeves, and they are supported by the older Fraser-Nash, the Triumphs, which did so well last year, and such exciting specialist cars as the Jaguar-engined Cooper, the new Lotus and the Kiefts, while obviously M.G. are not coming back to racing with just an ordinary car.

Against them you have the boiled-down version of the Mercédès Grand Prix car—and highly exciting it is—a host of Ferraris, the Gordins and Panhard which, small as they are, go like scalded cats, and the rear-engined Porsches. So that great race for twenty-four hours at Le Mans in June is bound to be sensational and will probably open with an average speed well above 100 m.p.h. The issue I think lies between Jaguar, Mercédès and Ferrari, all depending on drivers who can keep on the road.

LOWER down the scale, because smaller, the "500s" are far more exciting, there being a bunch of six or seven driven by Bueb, Leston, Parker, Russell and Taylor which may be 10 m.p.h. faster than the rest, which is miraculous considering how fast they were before. The issue would seem to be between the new Mark IX Cooper, rebuilt older Coopers, and the Kiefts. That Stirling Moss is too busy with Mercédès to drive the



On the track at Berne, leafy and pastoral, Dr. Farina drove his Ferrari Formula 1 into second place in the Swiss Grand Prix of 1953

Louis Klemantaski

"Bombshell" in which he ran away from all last year, makes things more exciting still.

As to drivers, apart from Stirling Moss and Fangio, Mike Hawthorn will handle the Vanwall and none could do it better for he was near world champion last year. Ascari leads for Lancias and if that car will stand up to him will be right up in front. Kling and Herrmann may handle Mercédès and Behra the Gordini, while Whitehead, Macklin, Salvadori, Rolt, Duncan Hamilton, Collins, Cunningham and Fitch will all be in the picture given suitable cars.

Motor racing is a chancy business, not one to "put your shirt on" with confidence, but this season is certainly going to see a real fight

between the best teams of the best cars—and what more could you wish? The Grand Prix, the sports car events, Le Mans, the Tourist Trophy on its fiftieth anniversary, the Nine Hours at Goodwood, will be the hardest fought battles seen in the history of car racing, and even the little "500s" are intent on massacring each other.

REMEMBER finally that the British Grand Prix is to be at Aintree in the shadow of the steeplechase circuit and will be controlled by Mrs. Topham, who knows what spectators want in the way of comfort and amenities apart from a view of the racing.

Roundabout

Paul Holt

WEARIED by a book the other night I turned on the television. There was a face. Angular, lined, delicately humorous. It was Jack Buchanan, a high-stepping oldster whose youth helped to make mine.

Top hat, white tie, tails, the carnation and that gently braying voice that always said in intonation : "I'm taking the mickey out of you, my friend."

I watched, fascinated, because that old Jack magic had not faded at all, though he be sixty and more.

And then it struck me what an occasion it was. For without Jack Buchanan there would not be any television today.

It was he, personally, crooked smile and all, who has wrought this great revolution in our private lives. He made it possible, think what you will of it.

For Jack is a Glaswegian and they are loyal people. There was another Glaswegian named John Logie Baird, who invented the idea that led to television. Jack staked him.

BAIRD, an odd and honest little man, who used to like to go around in carpet slippers, needed money to keep going with his experiments and it was Jack who found the money.

The first demonstration of television happened in a top room in St. Martin's Lane and it was pretty horrible to look at. The picture was just discernible. But Jack was not dismayed.

Soon after he arranged a big do at the old Romano's restaurant in the Strand. A television set was wheeled around among the diners and a picture was seen. The transmitting set had again been working from St. Martin's Lane.

Baird died during a dinner given in his honour at the Holborn Restaurant. In his pocket was 1s. 4d., which was his wealth.

But Buchanan, who has greater wealth, can always say that he was a help to Baird. And when he appeared the other night on

television it must have been with pride. The picture was so clear, the tricks of entertainment so clever. And the founder of this feast the star of the show.

★ ★ ★

Two men are retiring. One is the Prime Minister, the other Beniamino Gigli the tenor. I couple their names for one reason only. Both have given to the world more than they thought to take out of it.

Both took their pleasure by giving pleasure.

Churchill would stay up until three o'clock in the morning to entertain his friends. Gigli, careless of his lovely voice, would be found in some small restaurant, full of spaghetti and rough red wine, as late as that, singing to the customers for the sheer fun of it.

Gigli's retirement is less of a sadness than was his great compatriot's, Caruso.

For Caruso sang himself out for money. He had a high note and his manager knew that it would draw the crowds to the theatre. Night after night poor Caruso would appear in the oddest little theatres all over the world, and particularly in South America. And he knew it was not that the audiences wanted to hear him sing his loved songs from opera. They wanted to hear his top note. They went wild when they heard it.

And Caruso died of it.

★ ★ ★

QUARE TIMES, the winner of the Grand National, is a good horse and was obviously the pick of the Irishmen. Mr. Taafe kept him nicely there the whole way round the first circuit, but did not dream of taking him to the inside, shortest way home, until he saw that Bryan Marshall, the specialist in this business, had gone from the race. It was a splendid piece of patient riding.

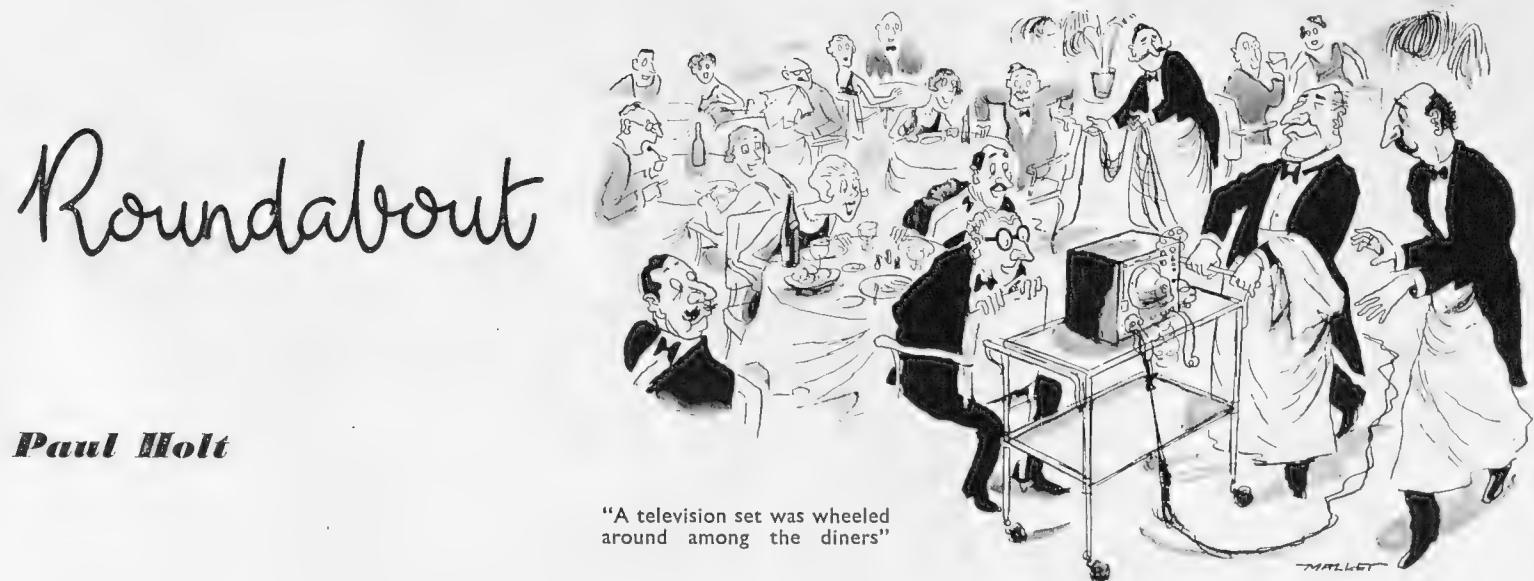
Quare Times sounds like an Irishism. But I am told it is not. Pronounce it in the Latin way and it at once turns out to be : "Why do you fear (the future)?" Quare Times did not.

★ ★ ★

POOR Mr. McLeod, No. 6 in the Oxford boat that lost the other day. He caught a crab in reverse. His oar became embedded in the water, which was rough at that point of the race, and so the shaft kept hitting him in the tummy, which winded him properly.

I think he should be most highly praised for recovering from this horrid mishap. But even if it hadn't happened Oxford would not have won. They were outfoxed.

The Cambridge cox, T. Harris,



STAY-AT-HOME SONG

*George is back from Switzerland, and
Dick is back from France—
They went there to enjoy themselves—to
ski, to skate, to dance,
Well—doubtless they enjoyed themselves,
but this at least is plain:
It's bound to be a little while before they
dance again!*

*Tim is back from Austria, and also back is
Joe,
Who went to the Italian Alps in search of
better snow—
They went there for the exercise, both
eager to be fit
But neither will take exercise, just now, for
quite a bit!*

*For George has cracked an ankle bone and
Dick has cracked a thigh,
And Tim will be on crutches till the middle
of July,
Poor Joe is still in plaster, but is telling
all his friends
He should be on his feet again before the
summer ends.*

*I didn't go to winter sports. I envied them
their fun,
When they sent me glossy postcards of the
snow-slopes in the sun—
But now they're all back home again, there
comes into my mind,
The thought that in the long run I was
wise to stay behind!*

—MICHAEL BENSON

is, I think, the man to praise. Given the Middlesex station, which meant the worst of it up to Hammersmith Bridge, he deliberately kept away from the Oxford boat. With the wind behind and a full tide he not only kept his own crew going but confused his opponent.

Then after Hammersmith he called for a spurt. And the point about this spurt that interested me was that it did not mean an increase in striking rate.

But Cambridge just went away.

Perhaps, all these years, I have been deceived by the talk of the experts, who never fail to tell me that 11, 19, 36 is most impressive. Perhaps it is simply the power that makes the boat go between the strokes that counts.

★ ★ ★

An interesting book, by C. S. Forester, called *The Good Shepherd* is about a convoy across the Atlantic, and describes how Cdr. George Krause, an inexperienced though orthodox American naval commander, copes with the submarine attack. It is a matter of wits as much as courage and Mr. Forester does not hesitate to discard the heroics in search of the truth.

It is a great change from his Captain Horatio Hornblower best-sellers, but I don't doubt it will succeed, for it has the real ring of truth about it.



HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, whose birthday it is today, is one of the diminishing number of peers who live in the neighbourhood with which their names are linked, and he is, apart from rank and title, a considerable public figure in the North. He is a member of the Northumberland County Council, and of the county's Agricultural Executive Committee, a Justice of the Peace and chairman of the Territorial Association. Here he is seen as Master of the Percy, a most successful pack. In 1946 his marriage to the Duke of Buccleuch's elder daughter was the foremost social event of the year. The Duke lives at Alnwick Castle and, when in London, at his famous residence Syon House, Brentford, whose interior is noted as an example of the Adam style at its finest.



DINING IN

A Quiet Weekend

- Helen Burke

HOWEVER much one loves to cook (and I do) it is pleasant to enjoy a weekend largely kitchen-free, and Easter affords an opportunity to test one's ingenuity and ability to think and plan meals for the full span of the holiday.

A large refrigerator is one's greatest ally, because not only does it preserve food but it also saves time and labour. Tomorrow (Thursday), for instance, we can buy supplies of perishables for the four days, knowing that they will keep both safe and sound.

On Friday I shall have a nice piece of salmon, served hot with Hollandaise sauce. Saturday, boiled bacon with broad beans from a tin. A leg of lamb, peas (tinned or frozen) and new potatoes for Sunday and, on Monday, a Terrine of Chicken. In addition, during the weekend, there will be steaks or chops, with mushrooms and tomatoes, easily and quickly cooked at the last minute. In my refrigerator for all these, of course, will "keep."

ON Thursday or Friday morning I shall make the Terrine of Chicken, and here is the recipe:

Skin and bone a youngish boiling chicken. Put the skin, bones, skinned feet and a few penny-worth of veal bones in a pot with an onion stuck with a clove, two to three sprays of parsley, a small sprig of thyme, a small bay leaf, a small piece of mace, a good glass of dry white wine, a small one of sherry, seasoning to taste, including a few grains of Cayenne pepper, and cold water to cover. Bring to the boil, skim, then simmer, covered, for 2 hours.

Other meats you require are $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sliced fillet of veal and 1 lb. thinly sliced streaky pork.

Line a terrine, large enough to hold all the meats, with flattened slices of pork, seasoning them well. Lay strips of white chicken meat on top, then the dark meat minced with the giblets and about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. pork. Add a layer of the thinly sliced veal, with a further layer of chicken and veal on it. Finish with the remaining slices of pork. Season each layer as you go.

Add enough strained stock to moisten the meats, without making them too wet. Cover with butter paper and, if you use a casserole instead of a terrine, a lid. Stand in a pan with a little water in it and bake slowly for $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. During that period, add



THE 51st (HIGHLAND) DIVISION held their forty-first reunion dinner at the May Fair Hotel. (Above left) The Earl of Home, Minister of State for Scotland, who proposed the toast of "The Division," talking to Major-Gen. Sir James Cassels, K.C.B., D.S.O., Seaford Highlanders. (Above right) Major-Gen. D. N. Wimberley, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., the chairman, was with Major-Gen. M. Alston-Roberts-West

strained stock from time to time to keep the dish moist. Remove from the oven, place a weighted plate on top and, when cold, place in the refrigerator until required.

With the remainder of the strained stock you can make a lovely Cream of Chicken Soup over the weekend.

BOILED Bacon? This can be cooked well in advance, then sliced and re-heated in its stock.

With the Terrine of Chicken, cut from the dish at table, serve any salad you fancy. Rice salad is pleasant. Boil Patna rice as for curry—that is, until you can just barely feel the centre when you test a grain between the teeth. (Any longer boiling after that will over-cook the rice.) Add to the drained cold rice a diced eating pear, sprinkled with lemon juice (South African pears are wonderful just now), tinned or cooked peas or French beans cut in small pieces, a few diced cooked carrots and chopped green or red sweet peppers. Lightly turn over in a diluted mayonnaise or a dressing made with three parts olive oil and one of lemon juice or wine vinegar.

A nice deep Rhubarb Tart is a "must" for Easter. Then there is fresh fruit salad. This can be made beforehand, accented with Angostura bitters, and stored in the refrigerator in a large preserving jar. But take it out an hour before it is required.

DINING OUT

Salons Privées

IT has for long been my habit when I have particular friends to lunch or dinner to engage a private room at one of the many establishments that have them available. I think their advantages far outweigh the negligible extra cost they may involve. You have personal service, complete freedom of

movement, can preach anarchy or sedition, talk nonsense and laugh as loudly as you wish. I think also it is a compliment to your guests.

Brown's in Dover Street have for many years made a special feature of their private rooms. They have approximately eight of them which accommodate from four to twenty people, and they are indeed typical of this hotel and its reputation. Here perhaps is the last chance you will get of dining and wining in the period of your aunt, uncle, or even your grandmother. They have the old coal fireplaces, the coal scuttles, and the furnishings and décor of a vanishing age.

Add to this a fine wine list, first-class cuisine provided by maître chef M. Paul Juillard, C.M.E., and with the readiness of the manager, J. Grout, to enter into the spirit of any plot you may be hatching to plan a party.

THEN there is Scott's in Coventry Street with its long-standing reputation for seafoods and grills. It has two private rooms holding up to twelve or sixteen persons, one looking straight down the Haymarket and one over Piccadilly Circus, giving a fine view at night of the lights of London. Mr. J. M. Pedersen has been manager for twenty-five years and does his best to create the atmosphere of being in your own home, served by your own retainers.

The Savoy has seven rooms named after the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, of which *Pinafore*, *Princess Ida* and *Patience* look out over the Thames. These rooms accommodate from four to twenty, and are ideal for dining, wining, or having a cocktail party in comfort, a view that appears to be shared by Sir Winston Churchill who is a frequent visitor.

YOU don't have to go to the West End to dine privately. Leave your car in the park and you have the Hyde Park Hotel, which has many private rooms with beautiful views.

For something more unusual there is the Hans-town Club in Hans Street, which has a separate floor for these occasions. The rooms are planned in such a way that no matter how large the party you can enjoy the combination of a private house atmosphere with first-class cuisine and service.

As to the cost involved in these efforts to escape from the public view, it seems to be a popular idea that a private room must cost the earth. In many cases there is no extra charge whatsoever, because the people responsible for operating the establishments concerned quite rightly assume that persons ordering private rooms will obviously take trouble over the wine and food provided. And even where a charge is made it seldom exceeds 5s. per head.

- I. Bickerstaff



NUMBER THREE, ST. JAMES'S STREET, historic premises of the wine firm of Berry Bros., has recently had its famous first floor dining-room completely and affectionately restored: an undertaking whose brilliant outcome this photograph shows





Top : The Hon. Ian Macpherson blows out the candles on his cake, helped by Peter Farrar. Above : Maria Lancaster and Patrick Carr put all their energies into pulling a cracker



CARS, CRACKERS AND SLIDES AT BIRTHDAY PARTY

THE HON. IAN MACPHERSON, and Clare and Gerald Russell (seen above) were the hosts and hostess to many young friends when their mothers gave a party for them. Lord Strathcarron's son and heir and Clare Russell, daughter of Lady Russell, were six within a day of each other, and Mrs. Cyril Russell's son Gerald was soon to have his fifth birthday



Left : Russell Burroughs concentrates on rescuing a road casualty. Above : Sarah Louise Prestige, and Sandra Paston-Bedingfeld, daughter of Sir Edmund Paston-Bedingfeld, Bt.

Priscilla in Paris

The faithful gourmet

IN France it is said that we dig our way to the grave with our teeth! This may be a humorous way of suggesting that we eat too much, but we are glad that M. Curnonsky gives the lie to this libellous saying.

Saillard Curnonsky—Prince of Gastro-nomists—is over eighty and for the last sixty years his Pantagruelic disposition, tempered by his good taste as a famous gourmet, has enabled him to eat, daily, both wisely and too well! He vows that his record-breaking appetite is a family trait and tells the following story of his aunt. The old lady was bed-ridden and for many years had not left her room, where she was served with the succulent repasts that she so greatly appreciated. One day, however, in the middle of a meal, she sensed that the end was very near. Gesturing urgently to her maid that she had finished with the dish before her, she cried: "Take it away! ... Quick! Quick! bring in the sweet!"

THE world of *la couture* deeply regrets the sudden death of Marcel Rochas. Of recent years he had become a great perfumer rather than couturier. He may

have found it more amusing to distil and inhale rather than to pin and plan, but from 1925, when he opened his first establishment, to 1952, when he published his book *Vingt-cinq ans d'élégance*, he did a great deal for *la Mode*. He dressed women as they wanted to be dressed. Simply, smartly and inexpensively since, at a time when the *haute couture* sold its frocks for 2,000 francs (or so!), Rochas turned out enchanting creations at less than half the price.

WOMEN were amused by various little details that he invented. Fancy jewels. The *griffe*, or tab, with his name woven into the material, that was sewn into all his frocks. They liked the padded shoulders he made them wear, inspired by the dancers from Bali, that were seen at the colonial exhibition of 1931, and they loved the gay flower-frocks that seemed to reflect the clusters of gorgeous blossoms that filled his salons at all seasons.

It was about 1940 that he closed those

salons. He had lost faith in the future of that *haute couture*, which so few Parisiennes can afford. Leaving the management of his "boutique" to his wife he devoted himself to the invention of new perfumes.

HIS first great success was "Femme," that became world-famous. There have been many since. "La Rose" is always a great favourite, and all Paris remembers the delightful party that the Rochas (he was married to Hélène then) gave at l'Hay-les-Roses, where they had a weekend "cottage." Marcel Rochas was married three times. First, when he was very young, there was Yvonne, who taught him to love frocks; then came Rina Cassin, a beautiful Italian, whom he taught how to wear them and, lastly, Hélène, who loved them, created them, wore them exquisitely and, for many years, was his perfect partner.

I WAS between the blankets — and glad to be — when Paris gave an undignified imitation of a Hollywoodian world premiere for Sacha Guitry's spectacular film *Napoleon*. Not that one minds these excursions and alarms when the Grand Opera House is turned into a picture palace for charity's sweet sake. One quite likes to see the Garde Republicaine in its best top-boots and white pants lining the marble staircase, but we think it rather silly to find the First Empire grognards presenting arms



Left: Mademoiselle Mary Elise van Lennep is the only daughter of Yonheer and Madame John van Lennep, of Aerdenhout, Holland. Miss van Lennep, who was educated in Holland and England, is now working at the Brussels Treaty Organisation in London. She was presented at Court last year

Right: Baroness Wanda de Geer, wife of Baron Emmanuel de Geer, spent three years studying at Oxford and is a Master of Arts. She is Polish-born and during the war worked in the Polish section of the B.B.C. She is now doing research work in the Economic Commission of the U.N. in Geneva





F. J. Goodman

FASHION WRITER
PRINCESS

PRINCESS TROUBETZKOY is the wife of Prince Kyra Troubetzkoy, senior member of the Ukrainian branch of this famous Russian family. The Princess, widely known in Paris as a writer on fashions, has often been to this country visiting her eldest son Nicholas, who was educated at Downton. Prince and Princess Troubetzkoy have three children, and live in the Avenue St. Honoré d'Eylau

to the mixed personages of the Fourth Republic *outside* the Opera House as well as within.

THE crowd "without" (the word in this case has a double meaning) had a grand time, so did the newsreel lads and camera-comrades. A friend brought a whole batch of unused pictures to my bedside two mornings after the night before. All the Usuals were there, from Président Coty to Monsieur du Rand.

One print made me a little sad . . . Sacha and Lana arriving at the Opera. They faced the camera as they came

up the steps. Lana's eyes were downcast—the utterly gorgeous frock she wore was not easy to manage, and even Mistinguett cannot walk upstairs without watching her feet!

IT was Sacha for whom I sorrowed! He was staring into the camera with that anxious, half-scared air he often wears when he is not on the stage guarded by the magic of the footlights. It was the air he puts on when he is remembering how often his lack of good manners has astonished his admirers, and he is thinking: "Is it to-day that someone heaves a brick at me?"

Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner . . . but rest assured, *cher Monsieur Guitry*, for although we do not understand you we forgive you. You entertain us so superbly, even without the footlights.

Chevaux en long

• In the years between the two wars the late Mme. Cora Laparcerie—who was rather a heavyweight actress—sent her photograph to Sacha Guitry. It was inscribed: "To Sacha, who might have carried a rifle." Sacha replied: "To Cora . . . who might have carried a cannon!"

At the Theatre

Loud laughter in Arden

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

IT often happens in Shakespearian repertory—it was noticeable at Stratford in the days of its mediocrity—that a company who have been overstrained and unsatisfactory in the major pieces surprise themselves and everybody else by excelling in *As You Like It*.

There is something in this easy-going comedy which makes it easy for the actors to relax. Relaxing, they find themselves, paradoxically, not below their best, but rather above it, playing well within themselves, and well to each other, with an effect that is altogether charming. The Old Vic have had a somewhat indifferent season so far: they come happily alive in this production.

M R. ROBERT HELPMANN has never lacked a sense of the theatre, and as his experience of producing grows he is developing a genuine sense of Shakespearian style. He ventures with some justification from the text to present an autumnal Arden, and the mood of golden

mellowness is carried through the graceful elegance of Mr. Domenico Gnoli's *décor* and caught again in the faint melancholy of Mr. Gordon Jacobs's settings of the songs.

There is the threat of hard winter to remind us that, though the Duke and his men are living like the old Robin Hood of England, fleeting the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world, reality is not far away with its mocking commentary on dreams bred of urban disillusion.

THE threat is not yet tangible enough to mar the dream of a forest which is romance incarnate; but it is intangibly there, and its haunting presence has the theatrical effect of throwing the comic scenes into high relief.

Luckily the comic scenes, for once, are rather better played than the romantic. Touchstone is not one of my favourite characters. There is something to be said, I think, for Shaw's indignant declaration that "an Eskimo would demand his money back if a modern author offered him such fare as Touchstone's jest about the knight

and the pancake." But Mr. Paul Rogers has somehow come by the trick of the fellow's outworn humour. He bumbles splendidly, and I have never enjoyed Touchstone half so much.

In the Martext scene, with its brilliantly devised business, the part comes to an uproariously funny climax. Add a bizarre but successful Martext by John Wood, a wonderfully idiotic Phebe by Miss Eleanore Bryan and a Corin of surprising pathos by Mr. Paul Daneman, and it can fairly be said that the comic scenes which the producer intends to break sharply through do their job.

They are soundly reinforced by the admirable Jaques of Mr. Eric Porter, a lounging, down-at-heels professional cynic, who achieves a minor triumph in giving an air of spontaneity to the Seven Ages of Man speech.

I HAVE always suspected that when Shakespeare began to write this play he had marked down Celia for its heroine and Rosalind for her confidante, and then at some point in his plot-making changed them round.

At any rate, I have certainly never seen a Rosalind who could stand up on the stage to Celia in their earlier exchanges. Miss Gwen Cherrell gains this inevitable advantage, and I am not sure that she ever quite loses it. Certainly, she is from first to last a most admirable Celia.

Miss Virginia McKenna is at her best in the audacities of Rosalind, which are mostly conveyed through her prose passages, but her speaking of the poetry has too much voice and too little variety, and, for me at least, she does not quite suggest what is the great thing about this part, its revelation of a love untouched by agony.

R OSALIND, devising sports, knows all the time that she has Orlando's love, and it is because of this knowledge that her tenderness shines so beautifully through raillery that is wholly light-hearted and unshadowed.

It is this deep tenderness that I find wanting in Miss McKenna's otherwise delightfully sane and joyous Rosalind.

Mr. John Neville plays Orlando on a note of half-belief in Rosalind's romantic love stratagems, and this note is perfectly in key with the production's general aim, which is to bring out what is romantically absurd in the comedy.



ELIZABETHAN CRAZY GANG. That character of somewhat affected sombreness, Jaques (Eric Porter), waves away pettishly the attempts of Touchstone (Paul Rogers) to lighten his melancholy humours with cap and bells technique



OPEN-AIR GIRL Rosalind (Virginia McKenna) reveals her identity to toxophilist Orlando (John Neville), who has not been altogether without his suspicions, while Celia (Gwen Cherrell) registers delight at yet another example of the success of feminine guile



David Sim

GARSON KANIN and his wife Ruth Gordon came to England last year for Miss Gordon to star in Thornton Wilder's *The Matchmaker*, produced at the Edinburgh and Berlin Festivals and now in its sixth month at the Haymarket Theatre. Miss Gordon, a dramatist, also has had several plays staged in New York and has written film scripts with her husband. Mr. Kanin, author of *Born Yesterday*, is directing his first play in this country, a new comedy by Chester Erskine entitled *Into Thin Air*, which will come to London in the late spring.

Limelight

Counter-attack

by Sofia

THE Bulgarian State Song and Dance Company, who open at the Winter Garden on Monday next, sound like Eastern Europe's retort to the British Council. They consist of 110 performers, and among their instruments are the bagpipe, the lute, the wooden flute, rebec and tupan.

Short of sending a team of Morris Dancers to Sophia to perform the "Jennie-wee-ghoulie-amok," with an accompaniment of triangles and a Welsh choir, it would seem that the Continent is likely to win the round on points.

My own bet is that we shall ignore the thrust and send Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis to read some of his best translations of the "Nò" plays to the inhabitants of Puerto Rico, thus combining nonchalance with a decent modicum of wit.

A TRIO of American plays, one of them enjoying its first appearance in either continent, are on their way to London. The first is a comedy, *Into Thin Air*, by

Chester Erskine, which Messrs. Tennent are presenting with a strong cast headed by a most experienced actor of tycoon roles, Hartley Power.

The theme is the perennially popular idea of the middle-aged man who decides to escape from it all and leap into space over the first available wall. My only regret on this subject is that Shakespeare never developed the tale when he let the adventure happen fortuitously to Christopher Sly, so leaving the subsequent history to lesser hands.

The second is an established New York success, *The Desperate Hours*, due at the Hippodrome on the 19th. This is an out-and-out thriller, with Richard Carlyle, of the U.S., as a neurotic gangster, supported by

Diana Churchill and Bernard Lee. The set is one of those composite affairs showing staircases, separate floors, a police-station and adjoining rooms, such as we have become hardened to since the days of *Death of a Salesman* and *The Blue Lamp*.

This kind of design is always hailed as an innovation, and with the aid of mechanical "revolves," gauzes and ingenious lighting it is clearly an advance, but surely a very small and obvious one? Bernard Miles has shown us recently that the Elizabethan stage of his Mermaid Theatre can do very nearly all the tricks which are treated with such reverence when they are refurbished by the *avant gard*.

THE third import, again a Broadway success, is *The Bad Seed*, due at the Aldwych on the 14th. This drama fights under two good banners, for the author of the original novel is William March and the adaptor is Maxwell Anderson. It also brings Diana Wynyard back to a leading West End part and sees the return of Margalo Gillmore, the American actress, who did so brilliantly in *All By Sons*. Malcolm Keen and Miriam Karlin are also of the company.

This play will "open cold," a phrase which refers in the profession to the fact that it has had no provincial run, and not to the reception which Messrs. Tennent are confidently expecting.

—Youngman Carter



Instruments rarely heard in this country will be played by the musicians of the Bulgarian State Song and Dance Company on their forthcoming visit to London

A BORGIA IN LOVE

LUCRETIA BORGIA, the new film dealing with the violent lives of Cesare Borgia and his sister Lucretia, opened at the London Pavilion in March. It has a Franco-Italian cast headed by Martine Carol as Lucretia Borgia, and Pedro Armendariz as Cesare. The film tells the story of Lucretia's second marriage to the Duke of Aragon (Massimo Serato, with whom she is seen right). Scenes were shot in France and Italy and the sound "dubbed" in English. It is in Technicolor



Television

END OF TERM

— **Freda Bruce Lockhart**

NOTHING puts TV planners more on their mettle than the great holidays of Church and Bank. This year's Easter programmes are in the best eclectic tradition. To-night we have another chance to see *Nuit de Paques*, the lovely film of the Easter Vigil made by the French Dominicans. Good Friday brings from Norway a religious ballet, appropriately called *The Message*, from the Nye Teater, Oslo. Ivo Cramer, the choreographer, was a pupil of Kurt Jooss. Earlier on Good Friday evening we shall see the American evangelist Billy Graham during his Scotland crusade, speaking at Glasgow's Kelvin Hall, which is said to hold 10,000 souls. His producers might be reminded that from Harringay last year Dr. Graham was at his most effective in close-up.

EASTER Sunday's play, *Family Portrait*, is also U.S. in authorship, by Lenore Coffee, the scriptwriter who adapted Graham Greene's *The End of the Affair* for the cinema, and her husband, William Joyce Cowen. But the star is our own Fay Compton, playing the part of the Virgin Mary, as she did on the stage. Miss Compton lately dominated a foolish melodrama, *Fantastic Summer*, so superbly that in this play

of her choice we may hope to relish the rich, human art of acting, of which too many TV performances are starved.

Two minor programmes of special appeal should be to-night's broadcast "At Home" from Arundel Castle, with the Earl Marshal, and on Saturday Peter Scott, on "Swans." Mr. Scott's Saturday nature studies are developing into a minor art-form within TV. His "Swans" will be a composite work of several masters: Fred Lester, third generation head-keeper to the Earl of Ilchester, and his famous swans at Abbotsbury; Hans Sielmann, whose film of "Woodpeckers" inside their nests has already become a TV classic for grown-ups and children, too; and recordings of swan songs by Dr. Ludwig Koch, one of the rare artists in a mechanised medium.

The gramophone

FORTY YEARS ON

OF the many recordings of the popular hit "Tweedle Dee" the best is undoubtedly that made by down-to-earth Georgia Gibbs. Her performance has punch and a beat, and it is backed by a svelte accompaniment from Glen Osser. As coupling she sings "You're Wrong, All Wrong" with good effect, but it's the Gibbs

version of "Tweedle Dee" that's the honey! (Mercury M.B. 3196.)

Listening to-day to the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Antal Dorati, playing Stravinsky's *The Rite of Spring*, it seems incredible that this score could have caused the first audiences who heard it, over forty years ago, to all but break up the concert hall. It is possible Stravinsky's own interpretation on Columbia may be a better performance, but it is poorly recorded by modern standards. For anyone who wants their *Sacré* adequately played and brilliantly reproduced this Dorati-Minneapolis recording is undoubtedly the answer. (Mercury M.G. 50030.)



CURRENTLY at the London Palladium Mr. Eddie Fisher tops the bill and, doubtless, in person he gets bobbysoxers and others all of a flutter. On one of his more recent recordings he sings "I'm Always Hearing Wedding Bells" and "A Man Chases A Girl," which Donald O'Connor worked so superbly in the film *There's No Business Like Show Business*. For my part Mr. Fisher ends where Donald O'Connor begins: period! (H.M.V. B.10839.)

I specially commend for your hearing Aimé Barelli et Son Orchestre playing "Tant Que Je Vivais Seul" from the film *Ecrit Dans Le Ciel*, and "Le Rififi" from *Du Rififi chez Les Hommes*. This little chanson could easily become more popular than "Le Grisbi" and the way it is presented here is a most superlative example of breath control and articulation. Aimé Barelli and his Orchestra must go very nearly to the top of the class! (Parlophone D.P.P.10.)

— **Robert Tredinnick**

At the Pictures

Fine workmanship

IT is a pleasure to see a well-made British film again. This satisfying experience is provided by *The Night My Number Came Up*, which is produced with all the unpretentious skill that distinguishes the best work of Sir Michael Balcon's Ealing Studio.

It is an entertaining little thriller, scripted by R. C. Sheriff and directed by Leslie Norman. There is not a great deal to it. It is just the story of a group of people in an aeroplane which is going to crash. What makes it distinctive is the neat way the director builds up, and sustains, the suspense from the start, the economy of plot and dialogue, and the precision of the acting.

THE scene is post-war Hong Kong. More or less as a joke, a naval commander, Michael Hordern, tells a dinner-party of his dream about an aeroplane crash. He can vaguely describe the people and the incidents leading up to it. It is mixed up with a general discussion on the Chinese theory that dreams can be glimpses of the future.

Next day some of the guests are called on to make a flight to Tokyo. Nothing could be more normal. But one by one, as the flight proceeds, the details and incidents of the dream are realised.

Another virtue of the film is that the characters are roundly drawn and their reactions to this uncanny situation convincingly spring from their natures. Michael Redgrave gives one of his best performances as the Air Marshal, calm and matter-of-fact, who is slowly and unwillingly hypnotised by the coincidence of reality with the dream.

ALEXANDER KNOX is quite good as the timid Civil Servant who, we think we know from the dream, is going to lose his head. Or will it perhaps be Denholm Elliott, the wartime fighter pilot, who has just recovered from a nervous breakdown? Or George Rose, who plays a bumptious business man with great style? And will the aeroplane crash, anyway, and, if so, how?

We are not much worried about the sensible Sheila Sim, who fits unobtrusively into the part of the secretary, nor about Ralph Truman, a Foreign Office official who is blissfully unaware of the tension growing around him. But then the pilot, Nigel Stock, begins to worry us as he gradually picks up details of the dream, and we watch him then giving a telling portrait of a steady type slowly going to pieces.

There is a nice balance about the picture. The producers ask us critics not to reveal how it ends, so I will leave it at that. You will find it amusingly thrilling.

SOMEHOW the rapid turnover of *Lucretia Borgia*'s husbands and lovers has always raised doubts about her moral rectitude. However, United Artists are undaunted by

these trifles. They show us, in *Lucretia Borgia*, that she was really a good girl, a victim of misunderstanding and the machinations of her wicked brother, Cesare.

This is a sumptuous Technicolor production giving full scope to showing-off the gorgeous costumes and splendid architecture of sixteenth-century Rome. There is plenty of savage and haphazard action in the way of sword-fights, poisonings, stabbings, and so on, all of which is sometimes difficult to connect up with the story. There is a gruesome hunt where men are the quarry, and a terrific scene where the ladies are attacked in their bathroom, much of which ended, I understand, on the censor's cutting-room floor.

French star Martine Carol is highly decorative as Lucretia. Mexican star Pedro Armendariz makes a ferocious Cesare. But there is not much demand on their acting abilities in what is virtually a mediæval horror-comic.

PEDRO ARMENDARIZ pops up again this week as the star of the Mexican film *El Bruto* (The Brute), directed by Luis Bunuel, whose talent seems under-employed in this undistinguished and sordid tale of back-street greed, savagery and jealousy.

Armendariz is the central figure, a moronic giant who does not know his own strength. He is capable of love and virtue, but

he is exploited by an unscrupulous employer, who misleads him into violence and wrong-doing. A tragic character, whom Armendariz portrays with competence; but even he cannot win our sympathy for this essentially unattractive sub-human.

He is engaged as a strong-arm man to evict tenacious tenants from a tenement. There is a squalid liaison with the landlord's lascivious wife (Katy Jurado), which erupts into stormy jealousy when Armendariz falls in love with one of the tenants (Rosita Arenas). Armendariz sees the light at last, but too late to escape the fury of his scorned mistress. These Mexican girls pull no punches.

EVERYTHING you expect from a Western staged in CinemaScope, stereophonic sound and Technicolor is yours in 20th Century-Fox's *White Feather*.

A commentator assures us that this is the true story of the end of Indian wars, as if it mattered. What matters is that there are enough Indians, soldiers and horses to satisfy the most exigent child, although the film's slowness and the plot's loose ends may bore papa occasionally.

It is splendidly photographed and full of action. But why, for redskins, pick on Debra Paget and Jeffrey Hunter, who look about as much like Red Indians as mummy and daddy do when they dress up?

—Dennis W. Clarke



Victor Maddern, George Rose and Alexander Knox in a tense moment in *The Night My Number Came Up*, the story of an exciting post-war flight from Hong Kong



"THE PRISONER," shortly to be seen, tells the story of a Cardinal in a police state who is tried and tortured into a false confession. (Above) Alec Guinness, as the Cardinal, sees a note on the Bible saying that the police have arrived to arrest him



"THE CONSTANT HUSBAND," the new Launder-Gilliat comedy, has as its hero a philandering Englishman with a lost memory, whose past catches up with him in a relentless manner. Rex Harrison, Margaret Leighton, who is seen above as a beautiful woman barrister, and Kay Kendall head a distinguished cast in this amusing film



Left: The Hon. Janet Hamilton, daughter of Lord Hamilton of Dalziel, Mr. Anthony Grant and the Hon. Clare Dixon, daughter of Lord Glentoran, were talking over their plans for the spring and summer



Right: Lady Hamilton of Dalziel in conversation over cocktails with Mrs. Archie Black. The party, at the Hyde Park Hotel, was attended by more than 150 guests, including a great many debutantes and escorts



Left: The Countess of Dundee and her daughter, Miss Hermione Faulkner, who comes out this year. Right: Lady Adair and Lord Glentoran, who are both parents of debutantes



Left: Miss Antonia Edmonstone and Miss Camilla Roberts were exchanging information on their dance dates. Right: Lord and Lady Normanby, who had just arrived, quickly entered into the mood of the occasion



Miss Anna Massey and Mr. Donald Mac, the happy company



WELLINGTON'S NIECE

MISS LIZABETH RHYS, a very active 1955 debutante, is seen (right) with her mother and the Earl of Dundee at a party given for her to meet her friends at the opening of this most promising season



ng a striking party dress, old Buchanan were among
e their way to Knightsbridge



The Hon. Mrs. Charles Rhys, wife of Lord Dinevor's eldest brother, and aunt of the young hostess, was talking to Mr. Henry Illingworth



Another debutante, Miss Anne Doughty-Tichborne, daughter of Sir Anthony Doughty-Tichborne, Bt., with Mr. James Spooner

Desmond O'Neill

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

NEVER once—unless we err abominably—during those years of non-stop reminiscence at St. Helena ("Ready, Las Cases?") did Napoleon I mention his unfinished 1500-word novel of passion and jealousy called *Clisson et Eugénie*, for which somebody paid £2300 at Sotheby's the other day. Evidently the boy hid this business all his life. We fancy we can guess why.

In 1785, the date of his MS, Napoleon was a one-pip lieutenant of artillery at the Ecole Militaire. You probably know, if you have ever mixed with them, how gunners everywhere (*ubique*) are about Love; in youth morbidly curious, in riper years so exquisitely modest, nay, almost prudish, that even Love in its technical aspects, for example the variations in trajectory of Cupid's arrows, must not be mentioned to them. Gunners who have poured their souls into an embarrassing novel when young—called, say, *Flaming Lips*, or *Down Passion's Pathway*—usually hide it, like Napoleon, destroy it on attaining their second pip, or have it so bound for private gloating as to resemble outwardly a treatise on ballistics. In any case most gunners have the decency, like Napoleon, not to fire the stuff at the public, and would that all Napoleon's disciples had the same.

Meditation

WE'RE thinking of one of many little Napoleons who have gone down the drain. Mussolini once wrote a political play, for some reason. On seizing power he immediately had it produced. We were present at the West End first-night of the English adaptation, early 1930s. All we remember of it is an intensely stupid British character called, wittily, George Sailor. Good enough for *Punch*, you say? But even this didn't save three barbituric acts, Mussolini's fall seemed to us even then inevitable, and we are now taking you over. *Mumsie!* Where?

Gift

NUMBERS of London's two-million rubber-necks, we learn, are telegraphing and writing to congratulate a contractor who has had the kindly foresight to provide what the Press boys describe as "a raised observation-post" opposite a big new Albert Embankment block-to-be.

What we hope particularly to see featured

in the papers, or on TV, are the tributes from old-timers. E.g.:

As a street-sightseer of over 60 years' standing I am delighted. We never had such consideration in my early days. I recall being nearly trodden to death in the excitement when a cabhorse fell down in Southampton Street in 1899, though I was one of the first on the spot. (J. Hemingway Gawp, aged 85.)

I met my dear wife in Chelsea in 1906 as we were watching a man in a fit. She fainted in the enormous crowd. Ah! They never looked after us then! Thank you, Mr. Contractor, for your worthy deed. (Elijah Gazeworthy, aged 79.)

Watching men working on holes in the road has been my "rave" speciality for many years, and I may say one often got frostbite or sunstroke because nobody cared. I hope the contractor has provided an awning, but no doubt the LCC will do so. Hurrah for Progress! (R. Popping, aged 67.)

Catering-arrangements under the new Embankment régime are not yet announced. Whether reception-hostesses will arrange introductions is doubtful, we learn. No serious London rubberneck wants to emulate Casanova, who had a reserved front seat for a big execution in Paris and spent the whole time flirting in the background with a floozie. These foreigners! No wonder they never get anywhere.

Houpla

“LIFEGIRLS To Guard Cornish Holiday Beaches,” caroled a headline, and we don’t doubt that every dainty Cornish surf-hostess is well aware of the problems before her.

There was a time, not long distant, when the dark and secret Celt of Cornwall cared not one sliver of the Giant Tregagle's toenails if you visiting whites perished *en masse* in the surf or fell down a tin-mine. However, as we gathered from a gnarled and aged aboriginal not long ago, this agelong resistance has yielded in some areas to the radiant charm of the Newlyn art-colony boys and girls. "They have vouchsafed us," said this dear rugged old rustic, "a veritable revelation of the Life Beautiful, graciously lived." He added a few words of technical appreciation which we are glad to record:

"Their statement of rhythms and values postulates a taut integrity. The *coup d'œil* is almost invariably plangent."

"You approve the tonality of the brushwork?"

"It is—how shall I say?—aware. It has a quality of urgency."



"Why do you spit sideways when you say that?"

"It is an unfortunate habit acquired from some literary critics I met at Fowey." (Exit, mumbling.)

In the mining-areas inland we heard the same almost effusive tributes. But we were watching their shifty Celtic eyes, and it seems to us that this new Cornish love for the white man is barely skin-deep. If any surf-hostess from Looe round to Newquay rescues you with a nervous titter or a flustered *moue*, sahibs, watch out for the knives at dusk.

Ring

A LLEGING that the telephone, as such, is an anti-social nuisance which stinks in gross and in detail, a testy citizen writing to the papers went so far as to add that it is the last thing on earth any civilised poet would ever be inspired by; in which he errs, of course. Hilaire Belloc has a gracious quatrain actually in favour of the thing.

Tonight in million-voiced London I
Was lonely as the million-pointed sky,
Until your single voice. Ah! So the Sun
Peoples all heaven, though he be but one.

Naturally there is a world of difference between (say) a bestial voice suddenly bawling "Amalgamated Widgets? Gimme Mr. Fafner" and a low, lazy, thrilling, exquisite laugh. On the other hand, a chap tells us, far too many women are exploiting this technique nowadays, and to laugh lazily, exquisitely back at them has no effect. They derive it, like other annoying tricks, from the films. This chap tried to get the Post Office boys some time ago to stop it, and wrote a long letter. They were very nice about it. "The Postmaster-General is in receipt of your communication of the 18th," they wrote back. This shows things are moving (he thinks).

Playwrights as a class continue to love the telephone dearly, and among them we'd like especially to mention M. Paul Géraldy, who some time ago had a three-act play at the Comédie-Française with only three characters—two lovers and a telephone, which had nothing very subtle to say but just sat there with a gently satirical expression, as if about to chip in at any moment with "Come, come!" or "Enough!" We couldn't take our eyes off it, and we gather this is the kind of drama the P.O. boys wish to encourage. (End.)

BRIGGS



—by Graham



Major Eric Wallace from Salisbury



Miss Jean Wilson, of Braishfield House



An early arrival: Miss Carol Richardson



THE HURSLEY WERE HOSTS TO GUNNERS

AT beautiful Lockerley Hall, near Romsey, Hampshire, home of Capt. John Dalgety, the Hursley Hunt invited members of the Royal Artillery Hunt to join them in a day out. (Above) Mrs. F. S. Faber and Mrs. B. M. Scott, who became Master of the Hursley last year



Mr. Alec Chett and Mrs. John Wilder



Mrs. Iris Slade-Powell and Mrs. Rosemary Jepson-Turner

Victor Yorke



Col. Arthur Corbett, Capt. J. F. Norris and Mrs. Arthur Corbett were among the spectators who saw the Imperial Cup run on the second day



Miss Sylvia Shelley, Mr. Brian Mayhew and Miss Patricia Bruxner-Ranfall were discussing the prospects of the afternoon's steeplechasing

THE GRAND MILITARY MEETING

SPECTATORS watched a thrilling race at Sandown when Major P. B. Fielden won the Grand Military on Skatealong. The Queen was there, and presented the Gold Cup.

ON the second day the Imperial Cup was won, in a field of 32 runners, by Mr. S. Wootton's Bon Mot II., which was the first favourite to win this cup since the war



Left : Miss Anne Barber and Mr. John Marnon were watching the racing. Gay Donald, the Cheltenham Gold Cup winner, came first in the Open Handicap 'Chase



Right : Miss Victoria Cannon came with Lady Manton, wife of Lord Manton, whose home is at Plumpton Place, in Sussex



Left : Mrs. A. Beesley and Mrs. Diane Thornbury. It was the second time in three years that Major Fielden has ridden the Grand Military winner



Right : Col. and Mrs. R. Hastings at the meeting. The two big races, the Grand Military and Imperial Cup, are 3 miles 125 yds. and 2 mile courses respectively



THE GRAND NATIONAL win by Quare Times gives the trainer, Vincent O'Brien, his third successive victory in this greatest of all steeplechases. The jockey, Pat Taaffe, rode to a twelve-length victory over the Yorkshire horse, Tudor Line, and the Irish-trained Carey's Cottage. Above: On the first time round at Becher's Brook are Steel Lock (J. A. Bullock), the winner Mrs. W. H. E. Welman's Quare Times (P. Taaffe), E.S.B. (T. Cusack) falling, Moogie (J. Neely) and Roman Fire (J. Dowdeswell), who fell on landing

At The Races

FOX IN WOLF'S

CLOTHING

ALL this talk about foxes killing sheep must have amused many more people than the best amateur huntsman of our day, and of many other days, the Duke of Beaufort. It is not very difficult to lay many more crimes at the door of this wicked little animal without adding one which, ordinarily speaking, he could not commit because he is not big enough or powerful enough.

A fox might kill an odd lamb or two, but even this I doubt. He is nocturnal in his habits and lambs do not ramble about at night, and even if they did, I think a fox would still prefer the smaller game, rats and mice, and so forth, with a nice fat pullet or two thrown in for variety.

The claims Masters of Hounds have had made upon them are sometimes fantastic. I remember one of which the late Lord Stalbridge told me when he had the South and West Wilts just before he took the Fernie. An enterprising artist wrote and said "Bloody fox killed my sow, please pay' oi compensation." It is only fair to add that he wrote a little time after: "Tis alright! sow were in neighbour's

garden." That is just a sample of the claims!

No one, however, would attempt to deny that the fox is a wicked little murderer, and that if he gets into a hen roost he may bite the heads off twenty pullets, though he can only sling one of them over his back and carry it away.

GENERALLY a vixen will not kill near her earth; the reason being very obvious. A dog fox will kill for the fun of it, but a vixen only because she has the maternal instinct very strongly developed and is a good housewife. Her "husband" has usually deserted her after the honeymoon, so she has to fend for herself and family (when it arrives!).

The best yarn I have heard so far about these sheep-killing foxes is that they go about in packs like wolves, their distant relations. A fox is a lone hunter and never has gone about in a pack. He is of the family of the *canidae*, but has a cat's eye, with that lenticular contraction common to the cat tribe, and yet he is not a dog.



A very young fox-hunter, a lady, I think, from the handwriting, has written most politely saying "tell us some more about foxes because I think you know so much." *Salaam aleikum!* which can mean "thank you very much for them kind words," and really does so in this case!

I wonder if the lady knows the things of which "Brer Fox" is fondest next to rats, which he far prefers to pheasants or even barn-door fowls? Blackberries and beer! I do not think a lot of people know this. The former, of course, he can get quite easily at the proper season, but the latter only when in captivity. As a matter of fact, a fox likes any kind of fruit, and hence, perhaps, that old yarn about the fox and grapes!

Old John Gaunt, who used to be official rat-catcher to the Midland Railway, kept many tame foxes, because he said they were a long way in front of the best of terriers at rat-catching since they were in such magnificent practice. A fox is very fond of going on the prowl anywhere that there are plenty of rat holes.

So far as beer is concerned, another chap I used to know, and who had several tame foxes, said they would lap it up until they were distinctly "the wuss!" Another yarn I heard, but which I never believed, was that the fox stealers of Leadenhall Market used to keep a special breed of dog fast enough to course a fox and bail him up when he had galloped himself to a standstill. I know that a fox is brave enough to stand and fight, but I have never heard of these specially-trained dogs who will do this job and then make no attempt to kill their fox.

—SABRETACHE

THE PICTURES, statues and buildings of 2000 years are surveyed in the noble and luxurious *Atlas of Western Civilisation*, by Dr. F. Van Der Meer (English version, Professor T. A. Birrell), published by Elsevier at £3 15s. From it are taken these gravures of works by Goya, Boucher and Chardin



Book Reviews by Elizabeth Bowen

THE AMBITIOUS RACCOON

THIS week, the *other* side of a story! DEAREST BESS, by Dorothy Margaret Stuart (Methuen; 21s.), is "The Life and Times of Lady Elizabeth Foster"—that vivacious little intriguer we lately met in the Earl of Bessborough's *Georgiana*. She figured in that book in an ambiguous role, and in Miss Stuart's she still does so. Sympathetic, as a character, she is not—though here we are seeing her through her own eyes. *Dearest Bess* is a biography, but the material has been drawn from Lady Elizabeth's unpublished journals and correspondence: quotations are numerous and rewarding—much of the time our heroine speaks for herself.

We are back with the same triangle, inside the same circle—the triangle being the Devonshire House *ménage à trois*, the circle being the brilliant Whig aristocracy which (in the late eighteenth century) surrounded it. We have the fifth Duke, his high-spirited Duchess, and the lady who was "dearest Bess" to them both.

Bess was, to give her her due, a tremendous diarist—missing nothing, taking account of all. If, as a diarist is prone to do, she places herself in the centre of every picture, she skilfully sketches the rest of the picture in. So odd, so precarious was her situation, that no living being enjoyed her complete confidence: her diary was probably her one outlet. And even so, in those rhapsodical pages one may doubt that she was completely sincere. But she thought she was—give her credit for that.

HER instinctive knowledge of human her where she wished to be. Wit, tact, an apparently bottomless fund of sympathy, a genius for smoothing bad moments over rendered her indispensable to the Devoni-shires. Simultaneously, she was the Duke's mistress, the Duchess's inseparable bosom friend: where they went, she went—the ideal "third." And she did, in her own way, cement the marriage. Or so one is given to understand. Georgiana, debt-worried and in the wrong, felt towards her Bess an unceasing gratitude.

Like several other women with wills of steel, Bess wore an air of flutter and of fragility. One meets, in her attitude to herself, more than a touch of the "little me."

She bewitched the Duke and enthralled the Duchess by her resemblance to a raccoon—"the peaked, anxious face and melting eyes." "Racky," indeed, was their pet name for her. At baby-talk, used among themselves by the Devonshire House ladies, she excelled.

BESS's affectations, and their infuriating success, were implacably noted by her juniors—most of all by Georgiana's daughter, Harriet Cavendish. Yet she knew nagging anxieties, and she suffered. Agitation and passion run through the pages in which she records her affair with "Canis" (the Duke), and the bearing of his two children—in terrifying conditions, alone, abroad. She did, it was true, contrive to have these two raised in the Devonshire House nurseries. Her "tears of agony" shed when the Duchess died were, one is compelled to believe, genuine. They are as genuine as the fact that she became the second Duchess of Devonshire.

No, self-interest did not account for



FROM GERMANY comes this fine statue of Uta, a founder of Naumburg Cathedral, illustrated in the *Atlas of Western Civilisation*. (British distributors, Cleaver-Hume)

everything with this strange creature—a Becky Sharp in many ways, but not wholly. What she sought for most, perhaps, was security. Her origin, unlike Becky's, was impeccable: she was one of the famously fascinating Herveyes, a daughter of "that incredible, fantastic person" Frederick, Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry. But her parents' marriage broke up and her own failed—leaving her, still young, with two infant sons, small means and no fixed abode. Her alliance with the Devoni-shires was a godsend, though one she dared never exploit too far: many, many watchful eyes were upon her. She was set off, dazzlingly at her best, by the brilliance which distinguished Devonshire House.

ONLY two courtships did she conduct in vain—neither the Dowager Lady Spencer, Georgiana's mother, nor stern young Harriet ever softened to Bess. Miss Stuart feels they were harsh, that they misjudged. Was Bess better, nobler, truer than she was painted? Were, at least, some of her motives pure? Miss Stuart—though, be it said, guardedly—champions her. And this book is an excellent piece of work—our heroine's conquests, adventures, travels are all recorded.

Foreign capitals, scenery, foreign climes were, to the quick-minded creature, her own element. When one thinks of the bumpiness of the roads, the dangers, the stuffiness of the coaches, it becomes amazing how people tore round the Continent! Nor did revolutions or wars deter them. Personalities loom large in *Dearest Bess*—she showed sense in her adoration for Lord Nelson, and could not but deprecate Lady Hamilton. . . . In the last chapter, we have a fine Roman sunset.

★ ★ ★

MILOU'S DAUGHTER, by Mrs. Robert Henrey (Dent; 16s.), is a book full of sunshine. It is, also, the sequel to the author's delightful *A Month in Paris*, and continues the series begun by *The Little Madeleine*, in which we first met Milou, the father. What brings his daughter to Nice, on the eve of Carnival?

I have come [Mrs. Henrey explains] on the strangest pilgrimage. Milou, my father, who came from the sunniest part of the Midi, the Grand' Combe, where men dig for coal, did his military service in the cavalry at Nice, and because he was supple and strong, and learnt to ride more quickly and better than others in his draft, he was posted to the private guard which the French Government gave to Queen Victoria when she wintered in the town. As a girl many stories enriched with *patois* did I hear from his lips. . . . Now, so many years later, I had made up my mind to explore it on my own, without haste, and see if I could recapture anything of what my girlish mind had imagined.

So, we have the joys of the exploration; one in which not a reverse is met. Alone—

for so one takes in more atmosphere. Brightly stitching away at her cushion in the air, Mrs. Henrey is, none the less, trembling with expectation as the 'plane descends—and rightly: everything is in a bright glitter; the Mayor of Nice has sent a representative to meet her. New friends are to spring up at every turn—in the large and splendour-haunted hotel, in the streets when she asks a lady the way, in the little bar where she sips chocolate. Interlude after interlude makes her pages lively. There are to be drives, luncheons and conversations.

For Mrs. Henrey not only does not shun conversations; she inspires them. Many are the life-stories, and none boring. Yes. Nice is all, all that romance had painted it: unique, even, are the joys of sleeping in a bathroom. After Nice, Marseilles; then the Paris end, with that yet other pilgrimage to the Rue Picpus. . . .

This author can convey many sensations. And she is, and we are, happy in her style, which has the diaphanousness of spun sugar without being ever what one calls "sugary." She builds us a rainbow bridge between France and England.

* * *

Up to now Henry Cecil has been known to the public as the author of his own brand of detective story—salted with legal humour and clearly stamped by an inside acquaintanceship with law. Readers may by now have come to suspect what is, I understand, the fact—*i.e.*, that "Henry Cecil" is the pen-name of someone high up in the legal world. His new book, *BROTHERS IN LAW* (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), is, his publishers emphasise, *not* fiction. Here we have a young man's first year after having been called to the Bar—the tribulations and exaltations, the hopes and fears of an exceedingly young barrister. This, it is true, is written in story form, with vivid scenes, lively dialogue, and love-interest.

Our engaging Roger Thursby, aged twenty-one, does, indeed, suffer rather more than rejoice under the attentions of two young women, both of whom are likely to be present in Court on occasions when he could wish them elsewhere. Sally, the only too candid critic, must at some points yield to her rival Joy—for Joy has a well-in-hand uncle, a big solicitor, who sends Roger briefs. Thanks is it to Joy's uncle that Roger finds himself and a female client in an absolute deadlock with the Divorce Court—"This," hisses the horrible Mrs. Newent, "is what comes of being represented by a schoolboy!"

Still more excruciating is the embarrassment, for Roger, of finding his charmingly addle-pated mother beaming at him from the front row of the jury box, and of trying to make known the impossibilities of his own position (under the circumstances) to a particularly testy, impatient judge. The chapter called "The Stigma" introduces some other clients, the Starlings, a gorgeously incorrigible pair. . . . So much, one might argue, could hardly happen to any one young man in his first year at the Bar.

But Mr. Cecil knows his own purpose well: this jam of high entertainment has been powdered with information as to many branches of law. Roger's predicaments show us how tricky a case may be. Roger's "brothers in law," unmistakable legal types, have the glow of individual characters.

One puts down *Brothers in Law* knowing considerably more than, at first, one did, of this learned profession.

Continued on page 52



AN ARTIST'S TRIBUTE TO ROBERT HERRICK

SIR WILLIAM RUSSELL FLINT, P.R.W.S., R.A., has designed a new Golden Cockerel publication, *One Hundred and Eleven Poems by Robert Herrick*, and has drawn the illustrations for it, one of which, "Diana," is shown here. They are marked by the highest degree of imaginative delicacy and affinity with the poet, and the book, published at 20 gns. for the sheepskin-bound copies signed by the artist, and 10 gns. in cream parchment, will inevitably become an object of connoisseurship. It will be published about the middle of this month



The cream-coloured checked wool-taffeta shirt that was worn beneath the suit is shown here teamed up with tan Bedford cord slacks. The shirt costs £2. 5. 0., the slacks, 9 gns.

TAILORED HALLMARK OF LONDON, W.I

WE picked this well tailored suit from Jaeger this week, partly because we so much liked the material—a vivid blue Bedford cord—and partly because we feel that such excellent cut and finish at 23½ gns., its price, is well worth talking about.

A CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

by Mariel Deans

THE suit, which comes in several colours, is hard wearing yet never loses its air of high fashion



Right: Sand-coloured wool threequarter jacket worn over the suit has a big collar and amusing pocket detail. It costs 10½ gns





Black and white tweed suit with loose-fitting finger tip length jacket and a wrap-around skirt. From Griffin and Spalding, Ltd., at Notting ham

Saturday to Monday outdoors



NOW that April is here and out of doors chores and amusements again occupy so much of our time, The TATLER has assembled on these and the following pages some simple and comfortable clothes in which to work and play. Slanted towards summer, they do not ignore how cold an English spring can be

—MARIEL DEANS

DOWN TO THE COUNTRY BY LIGHT 'PLANE



A plain, long-sleeved black poplin shirt worn with a very full emerald-green skirt also made of poplin. They can be bought at Swan and Edgar



Left: Imported white heavy-knit wool sweater from Harvey Nichols, worn with a pair of bright blue linen slacks tailored in their own work-rooms. These slacks, in many different colours, can be bought from stock or are made to order



Swan and Edgar supplied the waist-length white wool jacket with its cosy shawl collar, for colder weather



The sleeveless string-coloured linen blouse that is worn with the black and white suit on the preceding page also comes from Griffin and Spalding, Nottingham



*Continuing—
Saturday to
Monday*

The denim slacks are seen here rolled up into jeans and when the sun goes in are worn with a fully-fashioned sweater of tropic weight scarlet lisle from Marshall & Snelgrove's Playdeck Department



From Marshall and Snelgrove's Play-deck Department, these tough blue denim slacks are worn with a blue and white striped cotton blouse

Clothes for a hard-playing weekend

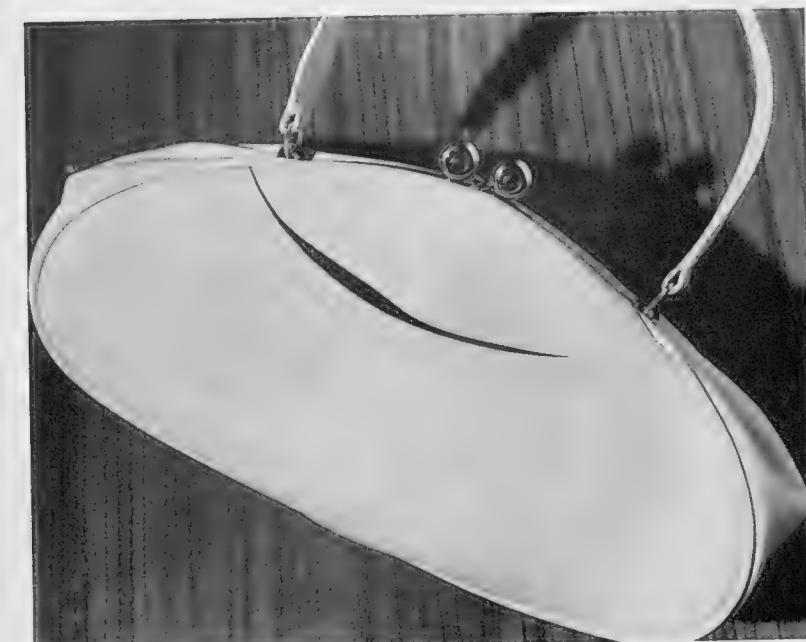
MORE clothes for an active, alfresco weekend. Trousers are undoubtedly the most business-like choice—for the woman whose outline can take them, but one wants to be very sure. A full cotton skirt makes an easy alternative. These pictures were taken on the riverfront at Chelsea



Armstrong Jones



Perfect accessories for tweeds and all country wear, this wide snuff leather racing belt and college bag, each £6 16s. 6d., come from Weatherall's



A handbag in the new melon shape—a most graceful line—carried out in Luxan with outside slip pocket. Price £6 15s. from Dickins & Jones

Silk and leather set the pace

PERENNIALLY distinctive, silk and leather are prominent in the articles on these pages, most of which have been chosen for the edge they can put on grooming when you are under pressure of time or circumstance

—JEAN CLELAND

Below: For a changeable season, these striped umbrella-parasols from Liberty's are ideal. They cost £2 15s. 6d., and the gay covers, in a wide variety of designs, can be had separately for 8s. 3d.





Above: An example of Weatherall's matching sets of Ice Tiecil scarves (£1 1s.) and "Fitall" hats (£2 5s. 9d.). By means of the little tie at the back, the hat can be adjusted to fit any head and thus makes an ideal gift

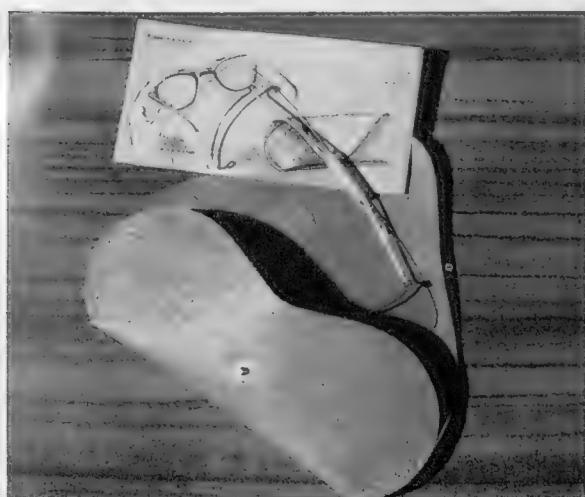
Below: Two scarves of pure silk: one is navy printed with white Paisley design, and the other is a sweater scarf in grey, warp-printed with roses. Price 52s. 9d. and 15s. 11d. respectively. From Liberty's



For men comes this pigskin brush holder with comb and nail file, £1 12s. 6d. The satinwood backed brush can be had separately for £2 12s. 6d. Simpson (Piccadilly)



The "Elsma" holdtite stops shoulder straps slipping. Pin to shoulder, slip strap through. 2s. 6d. from good stores



Dennis Smith

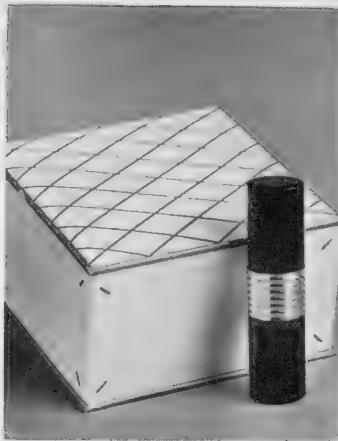
Left: The "Alpine Night-driver," a yellow shield which diffuses headlight glare and gives better fog vision. Price 28s. 6d., or to clip on existing glasses 28s. 6d. Woolland's

Right: Coach hide case with men's toilet kit, £1 7s. 6d. It can also be had in pigskin at the same price. It can be had from Simpson (Piccadilly)





Gray



Guerlain



Innoxa



Max Factor

Beauty

Continuing: ABC of elegance

LAST week I talked of things that are new, but since space is limited, and there seems to be no end to the creative spirit of the cosmetic industry, I was unable to include the entire list. Here therefore—still proceeding in alphabetical order—are the rest of the new preparations up to date. I hope they will prove of interest. Maybe they will stimulate the desire for adventure in fresh fields. In other words, give you the desire to "have a go."

G for *GRAY* (Dorothy), from whose research chemists comes a new moisture cream called "Satura," designed to replace the moisture in the skin which dries out as we grow older. This evaporation causes a dull, lifeless look which is ageing; the pores become relaxed, and "dehydration" sets in. The humectant ingredients of "Satura" draw moisture out of the air and hold it against the skin, thus helping to revitalise it and restore its bloom.

G for *GUERLAIN*, who spring a surprise with "Corail," the chameleon lipstick which subtly changes and adapts itself to every skin tone, while at the same time keeping its lovely pinky-coral tone. It is equally becoming to blondes, redheads and brunettes. Also from Guerlain is a new shade of their "Visage de Nuee" face powder (the French powder for the English skin). Called "Camelia" this is a flattering peachy tone, made to harmonize with the season's colourings and with the English complexion.

I for *INNOXA*, whose latest discovery, "Late Night Final," is the result of prolonged laboratory research. Created for the busy woman who, tired at the end of the day, does not

feel like spending much time on her beauty culture, this preparation does two things at once. It cleanses and it nourishes. The first application, smoothed over the face and wiped off with cotton-wool, removes make-up, dust and impurities. The second—just a very little—sinks right in, leaving no surplus grease, and feeds the skin during the night. A quick and very all-round beauty treatment.

M for *MAX FACTOR*, to whom thanks are due for a new preparation designed to cover up and banish from sight any little complexion flaws and blemishes. Stroked gently on to the face, and blended in with the tips of the fingers, "Erace" works like magic, and does just what its name implies, erases blemishes so that they are no longer visible to the beholder.

P for *PEGGY SAGE*, who, fashion conscious as always, has added three new shades to her range of nail polishes. These are "Eve's Apple," designed as a brilliant foil to the yellows, greens, bright pinks and strong blues seen at the latest dress collections. "Sweet Danger" for lilac shades, pastel pinks and lighter blues. "Whimsy" which, not intended for high fashion, is one of those accommodating colours that blends with nearly everything, and is a good standby for the busy woman who has not much time to ring the changes.

R for *ROBERTS WINDSOR SOAP*, that now comes to us in a new and very delightful presentation. This soap is made to the original formula of John Roberts, who had a tiny shop in Windsor close to the Castle, and was selling soap before Queen Victoria came to the throne. Her Majesty started to use it quite early in her

reign, and Roberts Windsor Soap has held Royal Appointments until the present day.

S for *STEINER*, who popularizes his famous "Lacquer Sheen" still further by presenting it in a new pink and white striped press-button aerosol container. Just gently press the button and the Lacquer Sheen comes out in a soft spray, which holds the hair in place *without hardening it*.

W for *WESTBROOK* who smooth the way with two entirely new products, particularly good for the dry type of skin. One, "Creamy Cleanser," is of a milky consistency, and has a specially prepared lanolin base which prevents any drying effect. The other, "Skin Sheen Body Lotion," is for use after the bath, and is to be welcome, since, in addition to being refreshing, it has a soothing and softening effect on the skin. This is because it, too, has a base of superfine lanolin. Both preparations are packed in polythene containers with silk-screened gold lettering, which look very attractive.

- Jean Cleland



Peggy Sage



Roberts Windsor Soap



Steiner



Westbrook

NEW! *Revlon*

FABULOUS AQUAMARINE LOTION

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healing discovery!*



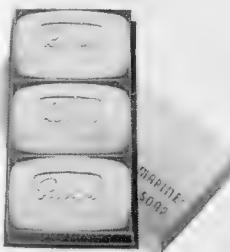
For the first time in your life you can actually heal red, roughened, dried-out hands in a matter of hours! Because for the first time ever, *glyoxyl diureide*, miraculous healer that actually stimulates healthy new cell growth, has been added to a hand-and-body lotion. This great 20th-century development, as important to cosmetics as wonder-drugs are to medicine, now enriches each precious drop of Aquamarine Lotion!

Use new quick-absorbing Aquamarine Lotion every time you wash your hands . . . always after using detergents. You'll agree this fragrant, jewel-blue lotion has almost miraculous healing powers!

(*gly-ox-ill dy-your-ee-ide)

*Glyoxyl Diureide, wonder-healer used in wartime and available without prescription!

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Aquamarine Lotion-Soap is the only complexion soap with a lotion's loving touch. Box of 3, 7/6.



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Aquamarine Lotion Deodorant exclusive "No-Fade" formula checks odor and perspiration instantly, day-long. In plastic squeeze bottle, 7/6.



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The Hon. Marie-Louise Hennessy, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Windlesham, of Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin, Eire, is to marry Mr. Philip F. de Zulueta, only son of Professor and Mrs. Francis de Zulueta, of Cadogan Gardens, Chelsea, S.W.3



Miss Flavia Frederica Hinchliffe, youngest daughter of Sir Henry Hinchliffe, D.L., and Lady Hinchliffe, of Mucklestone Old Rectory, Market Drayton, Salop, is engaged to Mr. I. J. C. (Bobby) Friend, son of Major J. I. H. Friend, O.B.E., M.C., D.L., and Mrs. Friend, of Scot's Hall, Smeeth, Kent

Lenare

THE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED

Miss Mary Rose Wauchope, younger daughter of Lt.-Col. C. E. Wauchope, M.C., and Mrs. Wauchope, of Sandhill House, Rogate, Sussex, is to marry Mr. Timothy Wentworth Beaumont, only son of Major M. W. Beaumont, of Brannockstown, Co. Kildare, and the late Hon. Mrs. Beaumont

Miss Julia Stewart Todd, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Stewart Todd, of Hove, Sussex, has announced her engagement to Mr. Louis Defrance Stevenson Clarke, son of the late Brig.-Gen. Goland Clarke, G.M.G., D.S.O., and of Mrs. Clarke, of Egerton Gardens, S.W.3



Miss Eleana Katherine McIntosh Fraser, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Fraser, of Bickenhall Mansions, Baker Street, W.1, is engaged to Mr. Peter Henry Fielder Johnson, only son of the late Mr. J. F. F. Johnson and of Lady Silkin, of Little Godlies, Rudgwick, Sussex

Fayer

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Miss Whitehead appears by courtesy of the British International Equestrian Fund.



Hall—Glazebrook. Lieutenant Jeremy Hall, M.V.O., Royal N.Z. Navy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hall, of Knocklynn, Halswell, New Zealand, married Miss Josephine Glazebrook, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Glazebrook, of Washpool, Hastings, North Island, New Zealand, at St. Luke's Church, Havelock North, New Zealand

The
TATLER
and
Bystander
APRIL 6
1955
48



Downs—Gibb. The marriage took place at Rostherne Parish Church, near Altrincham, of Mr. James Christopher Downs, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. James Downs, of Greenlaw, Guiseley, Yorkshire, and Miss Janeth Wylie Gibb, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Gibb, of Rowchester, Hale, Cheshire

THEY WERE MARRIED



Dudley—Sadler. Mr. Robert Hugh Vernon Dudley, second son of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. W. Dudley, of Stradishall Manor, near Newmarket, married Miss Gillian Mary Clare Sadler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brough Sadler, of Aldermaston, Berks, at the Queen's Chapel of the Savoy



Peace—Stevens. The marriage took place at St. Mary's, Frampton-on-Severn, of Mr. Brian Littlewood Peace, of Redlynch, Wiltshire, son of Col. and Mrs. G. L. Peace, and Miss Jennifer Rosemary Stevens, of Frampton-on-Severn, Glos, daughter of Cdr. and Mrs. H. G. C. Stevens



Tasker—Hobart. Mr. John L. Tasker, son of Dr. and Mrs. H. L. Tasker, of Breary Lane, Bramhope, Leeds, Yorkshire, married Miss Grizell Y. P. Hobart, daughter of Major-Gen. Sir Percy Hobart, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., and Lady Hobart, of Bull Lodge, Farnham, Surrey, at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea

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Motoring

“Look . . . one hand!”

IT has been interesting, in the time that has elapsed since the new Highway Code was put out, to notice how its recommendations accord with actuality. Our hardy police urge their drivers to keep the right-hand window permanently open in all weathers so that hand signals can be given without delay. But is it really the official view that signals should be duplicated? The Highway Code seems to say so. It remarks that left turn and right turn signals “may also be given by a mechanical or flashing indicator.” The hand signal still has to be given.

In this the compilers of the Code appear to be ignorant of the facts of life. Motor car drivers in all the major cities of the world prefer to rely upon mechanical and flashing indicators and to omit hand signals. And this usage is superior to the theoretical practices suggested by the wording of the Code.

DUALIGATION of signals is without any useful purpose and can be confusing. To argue that mechanical indicators sometimes fail to work, is to argue back into the Dark Ages. Wheels sometimes come off. Petrol tanks sometimes explode. Motor cars are mechanical things and should be so treated. In a modern car, with all proper signalling appliances, hand flapping is unnecessary and undesirable.

How does it come about then, that the compilers of the Code, who give evidence of such good intentions and who have improved the Code so greatly compared with the earlier model, should thus attempt to perpetuate archaisms? The answer is simple enough and

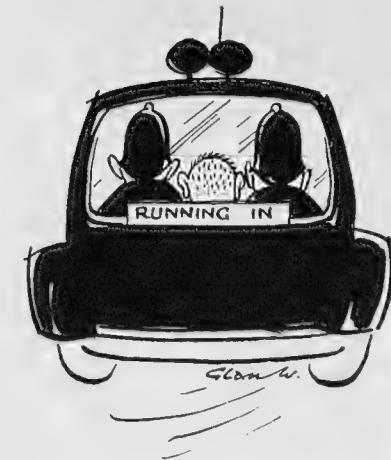
clear enough. It is that the Ministry of Transport has never laid down first principles in road usage.

First principles are urgently needed in motoring today. Lack of them has led to the deplorable piling on of regulations. The official test is not whether a new regulation conforms to a sound basic principle; but whether it might, by some happy chance, lead to a reduction in accidents. Regulations thus come by can never help.

MAY I appeal once more to the Minister and to his staff to forget regulation-making, to go away into the country for a fortnight and there to think hard about the *principles* of road use.

Let me take a simple point: who is responsible for keeping clear? Is there a guiding principle to say whether the driver turning right is responsible for the safety of traffic coming up behind; whether the driver slowing down and stopping is responsible for traffic coming up behind or whether, in both instances, the drivers of the vehicles coming up behind are responsible?

The driver is enjoined to look in the mirror before he stops. Why? When the car can be brought gently to rest, as it normally should, it may be pleasant to see what is behind, but it is also useless. But when something drastic happens in front and a child runs from between two buildings into the road, the driver who is peering into the mirror in obedience to the Code will be unlikely to save the situation. The thing is to stop and avoid the child and not to care what happens to those who are behind. It is the responsibility of those behind to keep a sufficient distance to stop, too, if an emergency demands.



First principles; those are the things our roads want more even than good surfaces and better lighting. And how careful successive Ministries are in *not* giving them. Let me suggest one first principle, that the attention of the driver should concentrate upon the 180 degrees forward arc; that his main attention should always be devoted to that forward arc and that nothing should be done to distract his attention from it.

ONE piece of advice in the Code is impossible. It says at one point that a driver should keep to the left and at another that before turning to the left he should not swing out. The radius of most kerb lines at corners is smaller than the radius of the turning circle of most cars. So hugging the left and not swinging out on a left turn are physical incompatibles. Those with small, short wheelbase vehicles can minimize the swing out. Those with long wheelbase cars have no choice. I am surprised that no driver of a bus or a big limousine was consulted in time to prevent this slip.

But it would be wrong to say that the new Code is wholly bad. It is a large improvement on its predecessor; it looks better, reads better and does contain useful advice.

AMONG the numerous road troubles which afflict us is that of the extremely long vehicle which finds itself in difficulties at roundabouts and at corners. Serious hold-ups are caused every year for this reason. So I hope that the makers of large size transport vehicles and trailers will pay attention to the invention of Prince Viazemsky, who is an inventor of repute and an aeronautical pioneer.

He has devised a four-wheel steering system which has advantages over all the others I have seen. It has been tried in a jeep. All control is by the driver's steering wheel, yet there is independent control of the front and of the rear wheels. The wheel is either turned in the ordinary way or it is swung to one side or other like a tiller.

In practice the system works perfectly and almost incredible feats of rapid manoeuvring in a confined space are possible. It would be a great asset for long wheelbase commercial vehicles and would help to keep the traffic flowing.

MANY will welcome the decision of the British Automobile Racing Club to revive the Nine-Hour Race. The difficulties that were encountered when it was first run were considerable and, in a meeting of this kind, it is impossible to predict the chances of making a financial success. But the idea was so good and the enthusiasm of those who did attend was so great that it is well worth while trying the race again. The date is to be August 20.

— Oliver Stewart



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DONALD HEALEY, Stirling Moss and Lance Macklin, whose Hundred "S" Austin-Healeys won the first three places in the Series Production Sports Car Classes of the Florida International Grand Prix at Sebring



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FORD 'FIVE-STAR' MOTORING

Dress
by Digby Morton

Book Reviews [Continuing from page 35]

A Regency imbroglio at the Spa

BATH TANGLE, by Georgette Heyer (Heinemann, 12s. 6d.), is, I find, a very absorbing novel; time, 1816. Two young women, Lady Serena Carlow and her lately widowed stepmother Lady Spenborough (who is by a few years Serena's junior) arrive in Bath—which as a city of fashion has begun to be a little on the decline. And mourning debars the couple from any gaiety. Romance springs up, nevertheless, with the reappearance of Hector Kirkby, an unforgotten early love of Serena's.

THIS girl, however, is of the dominating type—due to a clash of temperaments, she had broken off an engagement to Ivo, Marquess of Rotherham. And the maddening thing is that her late father's will has made Rotherham, now, her virtual guardian; she may not marry without his consent—or, if she does, she forfeits her fortune.

Directly we meet Lord Rotherham, we suspect that here is a story by no means over. This peer bears a slight resemblance to Mr.



Anthony Buckley

SUSAN GILLESPIE, whose latest novel *The Dutch House* has just been published by Geoffrey Bles (9s. 6d.), is the wife of G/Capt. J. W. Turton-Jones. She lives at Alburgh, Norfolk, and the setting of her new book is in East Anglia

Rochester, though, too, when he moralizes, to Mr. Knightly. His betrothal to Emily, hen-witted débutante, fails to pique Serena, but puzzles Fanny (the girlish stepmother). And, meanwhile, is Fanny's heart disengaged? One sees how the story should end—but, however can it? Miss Heyer untangles *Bath Tangle* with remarkable skill.

WILLIAM PLOMER has given the ballad, that ancient form, new and wonderful life in our own day. *A Shot In The Park* (Cape, 7s. 6d.) is a collection of his latest pieces; its predecessor, you will recall, was *The Dorking Thigh*. It is in the nature of ballads to be frequently blood-curdling, often grim, and Mr. Plomer holds true to the tradition—though with a bent to social caricature. "The Naiad Of Ostend" (a Victorian number), "A Shot In The Park" (an Edwardian one), "Atheling Grange" and "The Palmer Triplets" are fine examples. "Bamboo" (for two voices) is possibly best of all.

These ballads are an interesting merger of Mr. Plomer's hitherto rival gifts; he is a poet of renown, and he is a short story writer of genius. In *A Shot In The Park* both powers appear. And beauty, never quite banished by the macabre, haunts these verses—most of all in "The Bungalows." A further experiment is the Hardy parody.

Some of these ballads have been broadcast. They are, essentially, meant to be read aloud. You will laugh, you will shiver, you will deeply enjoy.

A new booklet has just been published for the guidance of limbless ex-Servicemen, setting out all the changes arising from the merger of the former Ministry of Pensions, the recent improvements in the rates of war pensions and allowances and social service benefits, and many other matters affecting the daily lives of the war limbless. As part of their welfare services, The British Limbless Ex-Service Men's Association will supply a copy, to all limbless war pensioners, on application to local branches or to: BLESMA, 37 Anson Road, Victoria Park, Manchester 14.

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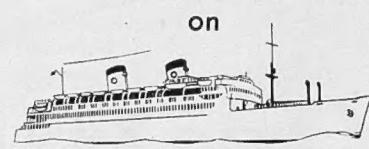
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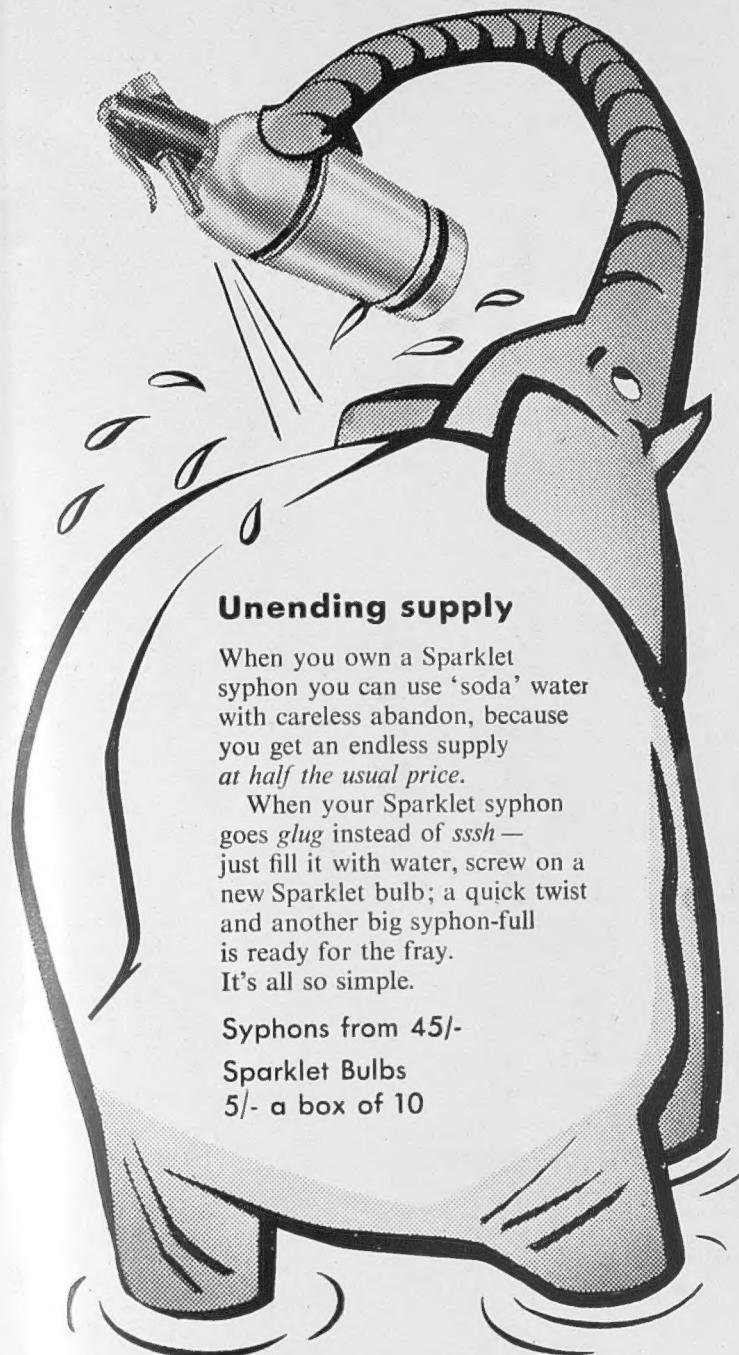
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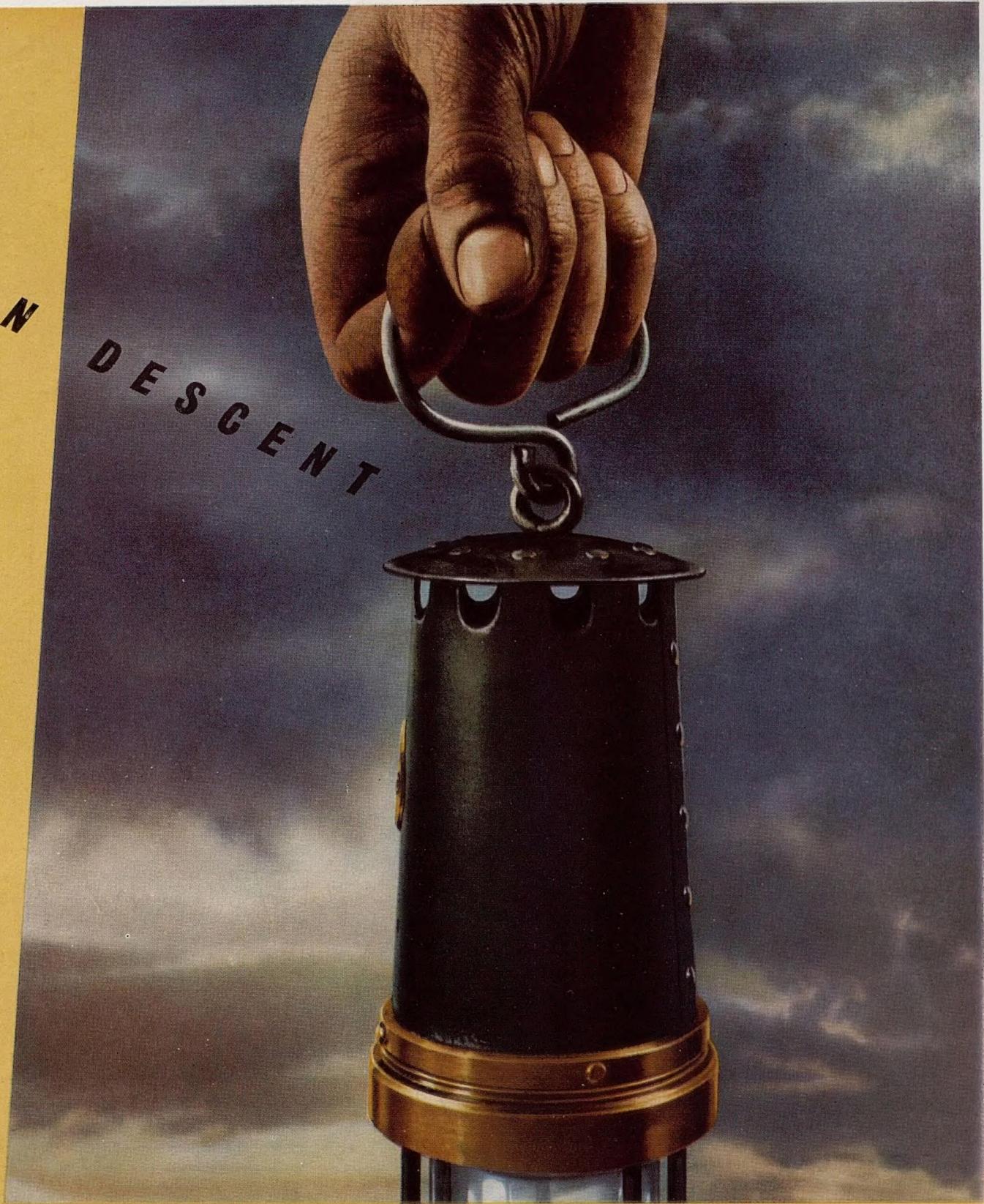
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